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JESUITISM
in
METHODISM
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RUFUS T. COOPER

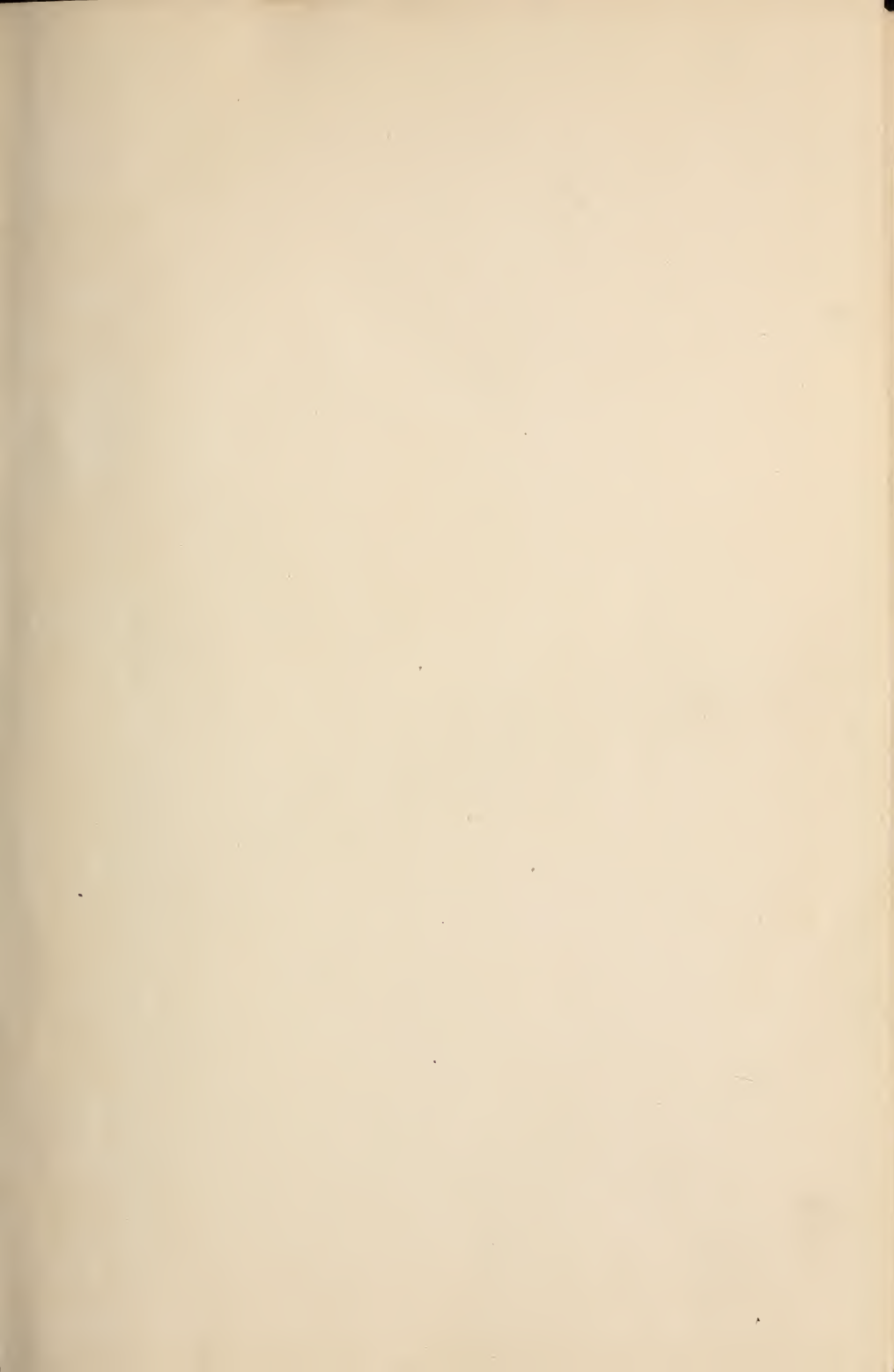


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R. T. COOPER.

Who was unlawfully expelled on unsigned documents from the ministry and membership of the M. E. Church at Minneapolis, Minn., May 28, 1912.

JESUITISM IN METHODISM

OR

The Ecclesiastical Politics of the Methodist
Episcopal Church under Lime Light

By

RUFUS T. COOPER



SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

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Ms. F. N. p. 18.15

DEDICATION

THE author gratefully appreciates the manifold kindnesses of his many friends in his fight for justice and vindication. He hereby dedicates this book to these royal and loyal saints scattered throughout the entire United States of America.

RUFUS T. COOPER.

COUNTY OF HAMPDEN
COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS } ss:

I, Rufus T. Cooper, hereby solemnly declare that every statement contained in this book is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

I will gladly go into any court of either civil or ecclesiastical authority to meet any aggrieved party.

RUFUS T. COOPER.

Sworn to and subscribed in my presence this 29th day of January, 1915.

FRANK E. CARPENTER,
Notary Public.

INTRODUCTION

The author has had the burden of writing this book on his mind and heart since the close of the last General Conference at Minneapolis, Minnesota, May 29, 1912. The growing spirit of Jesuitism in Methodism is working intense harm to the spiritual life of the church, causing the high standard of the church to be lowered. A growing lack of respect and reverence for our chief pastors is everywhere apparent, and the time is not far distant, if these jesuitical tendencies continue, when there will be a general breaking up of the church of John Wesley. Not alone for his own woes, but for the sad estate of others, has the task of writing this book been undertaken. The great menace to soul liberty in Episcopal Methodism today is the Board of Bishops. An ecclesiastical life-time of power has made this body of *privileged men* feel that they *own* the church. Matters have been going from bad to worse. The Bishops have so meddled in the affairs of the church in screening unholy men from punishment, of inflicting hardships on those who had a spark of independence, and of *literally crushing* those who thought along advanced lines in theological matters, that a constantly growing revolt is apparent all along the line.

The last General Conference exhibited a decided democratic trend in curtailing the power of these would-be *Popes*. The next General Conference is sure to continue this good-begun work. Let us all pray that the day is not far distant when John Wesley's intention will be carried out, and our Bishops will have a realization of the fact that they are but General Superintendents of the great Methodist Episcopal Church, "*Primus inter pares*."

It is the writer's fond hope that a band of consecrated delegates at the coming General Conference session will dare to take the bull by the horns, and in some way right these grievous wrongs. "To do and dare" should be the watchword of the approaching General Conference at Saratoga Springs, New York.

From his birthplace at East Weymouth, Massachusetts, to the last charge served in his ministry at Hillsville, Pennsylvania, the writer has diligently searched for evidence against his character. Being found blameless he can say with the inspired writer, "Having obtained help of God I continue unto this day."

In closing this introduction to "Jesuitism in Methodism" the writer will say that owing to the fact that six of the *parties involved* in this ecclesiastical tragedy have already gone to "their own place" and two of the conspirators, Rev. E. N. Askey transferred to the Puget Sound Confer-

ence, and Dr. E. E. Higley to the Des Moines Conference, are out of "harm's way," it will not be expedient for the writer to prosecute his case before earthly tribunals, but as the "Judge of the whole earth" will do right, the case will be left in His hands.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.,
January 27, 1915.

Jesuitism in Methodism

That *truth* is stranger than fiction will be clearly manifested in the following pages. Ignatius Loyola and Francis Xavier, the founders and leaders of the Society of Jesuits in the Roman Catholic Church, were both men of pure lives and holy ambitions. Their object was to advance the ends and aims of the Roman Catholic Church. If their successors went too far and brought the Society of Jesus into disrepute, and caused intensely zealous Protestants to accuse the Jesuits of holding the doctrine, "The End Justifies the Means," the same charge can be justly maintained against the ecclesiastical politics of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

John Wesley was a man pure in life, and holy in purpose. Seeing the low spiritual condition into which the Church of England had fallen, his heart took fire, and being shut out from the Church, he went everywhere preaching Evangelical Christianity. His followers so increased that he was compelled to organize the Society of Methodists; a Society within the Church of England, whose object was to spread Scriptural Holiness all over the earth. By the faithful preaching of the gospel, by establishing book concerns, by an itinerant ministry, by thoroughly organized missionary effort, in less than two centuries Episco-

pal Methodism has become the largest Protestant denomination in the world, and the largest missionary society on earth.

John Wesley clearly intended there should be no caste system in the Methodist Ministry, and compelled his preachers to pay back into the Common Fund all money paid to the preachers in excess of sixty-four dollars a year. Allowing for the advanced cost of living, how much of their salaries ought our chief pastors, the Bishops, to pay back into the Common Treasury? Many other questions will be raised in this book, and the author hopes the faithful perusal of these pages will inspire the loyal Methodists to go back to the teachings of Christ and Wesley.

It is the usual custom of an author who is writing from an autobiographical standpoint to give the place of his birth, his age, the names of his parents, number in the family and so forth. The writer was born in the parsonage of the Methodist Episcopal Church at East Weymouth, Massachusetts, the ninth of thirteen children. In intellect no wiser than many others, by force of a chain of circumstances he earned his clothing from eight years of age, and generally found out by hard knocks the full valuation of a dollar. By the death of his father, the author at seventeen years of age was obliged to leave school and earn his *entire living*. By dint of economy he saved the cash to re-enter school, and at twenty-one

years of age graduated from the New England Southern Conference Seminary at East Greenwich, Rhode Island, as valedictorian of his class. By working another year, Wesleyan University at Middletown, Connecticut, was entered, and two very profitable years were spent there. By the breaking health of his mother, the writer left college to take up the work of supporting the family, studying hard between times to keep up his college work. By a providential course of circumstances after a year Drew Theological Seminary at Madison, New Jersey, was entered. In three years the writer was graduated with honor, and entered the *full ministry* of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

GOING TO AN ANNUAL CONFERENCE

From a child the author watched his father's preparation of going to an Annual Conference. One week was usually allotted to the holding of the Conference session; that God Himself made all the appointments was instilled into the minds of Methodist people. Sometimes a crushing blow was administered to a faithful pastor, as well as to his needy family, in the reading of the appointments. The Presiding Elders *then*, and the District Superintendents *now*, were the advisers of the Bishop, who was recognized as the mouth-piece of God. When the appointments were read God spoke through the mouth of the Bishop, and every pastor went to his work, sent there by God Himself. The delicate work of "fixing" the appointments has always been a trying task for a conscientious Bishop. With a Cabinet composed of the presiding elders or district superintendents, men of great human tendencies, his task oftentimes has been greatly complicated, because of the relatives and personal friends of the Cabinet who must be taken care of. The Bishop has to both pray and perspire as he strives to pound "square pegs into round holes, and round pegs into square holes." A hush of death comes over the closing session of the Annual Conference, as the minute business is finished, the final devo-

tional services held, and the Bishop rises to read out each man to his work for the ensuing year. Tears and sobs are heard in different parts of the house as afflicting appointments are read out. A drop of a few hundred dollars on a previously meager salary is a great hardship to a struggling pastor's family.

A Roman Catholic Bishop would never presume to take a priest who had done faithful and acceptable work, and degrade him in his rank. The Roman Catholic Bishop either leaves the priest to enjoy the fruits of his labors, or advances him to a higher position. Unlike the Methodist Bishop, the Roman Catholic Bishop is obliged to appoint a priest in his own diocese, and cannot fill a large church made vacant by transferring a priest from another diocese, and thus fill the vacancy. Sometimes from ten to twenty promotions are made to fill one vacant church. How different it is in our beloved Methodism. Vest pocket transfers are carried about by our greatly esteemed Bishops, and the door of promotion is closed to the faithful and hard-working members of an Annual Conference, as the Bishops give to the transfers the rich plums of the Conference. Yet we say Romanism is monarchical, and Methodism is democratical. With a keen recollection of these things, my sainted mother begged the writer not to enter the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church, when she had

learned that the late Rev. John W. Beach, D. D., of Wesleyan University, was pleading with her son to become a Methodist preacher, because President Beach plainly saw that God had called the writer to the work of the Christian Ministry. Just as Methodism believes that God makes the appointments, so also does she believe that every man appointed is called of God to go to the appointment. Sometimes peculiar conditions prevail between the candidate for the appointment and the people to be served. Not long ago at a Southern Negro Conference a "certain brother" was hard to be stationed, but he persisted in saying that God had called him to the work of the Christian Ministry. "State your call," said the Bishop presiding. "I had a dream," said the colored brother; "in letters of fire I saw the letters, G. P. C." "What did they mean?" said the Bishop. "Go preach Christ," said the colored brother. "I don't doubt," said the Bishop, "that you saw these letters, but you have misinterpreted them. They mean, 'Go pick cotton; Go plow corn.' "

One more incident. Some years ago in the New York East Conference a brother was hard to station; he told his presiding elder that God had called him to preach. "Evidently," said the blunt presiding elder, "the Lord has not called the people to hear you." According to the proper ecclesiastical authorities of the New York East Confer-

ence, R. T. Cooper was called of God to preach, and through the kindly offices of President Beach of Wesleyan first an exhorter's license was granted by the Middletown, Connecticut, Quarterly Conference, and the *gifts, graces and usefulness* of R. T. Cooper being duly recognized, the ensuing Quarterly Conference made him a local preacher. The trial sermon was preached at Saybrook Ferry, Connecticut, before a mixed audience of Episcopalians, Congregationalists and Methodists, in the little Methodist Episcopal Church one Sunday evening in June, 1884. As the people composing the mixed audience had bought my wares sold in my annual summer trips up and down the Connecticut River, it was with no little trepidation and palpitation of the heart that I rose to announce my text, *1 Cor. 1-18*. I could make no mistake in my sermon as every word had been carefully written out, and its delivery occupied exactly twenty-five minutes. That the Saybrook Ferry people sanctioned the judgment of the Middletown Quarterly Conference in bestowing a local preacher's license on R. T. Cooper I was informed by President Beach on my return to college.

NEW YORK EAST CONFERENCE

ITS HISTORY; ITS GEOGRAPHY

In 1848 the New York Conference was divided, and the State of Connecticut west of the Connecticut River, the narrow strip of territory in Westchester County, in New York State bordering on Long Island Sound, running from the Connecticut State Line to New York City, the churches on the east side of Broadway, New York City, and all of Long Island, was set off to compose the New York East Conference. As before stated, in April, 1886, under the direction of Presiding Elder Simmons, I took work on Long Island at Bayport and Blue Point, visiting these places from Friday evening until Monday morning during the school year at Drew, and spending my summer vacation on the island in building up the churches. At Bayport a heavy debt rested on the church, which with necessary repairs to be made amounted to over \$2,000. Undaunted by the task of raising in a village of four hundred people this sum of money, early in July, 1886, the new pastor commenced his labors, and visited one hundred and forty-six people; one hundred and forty-two of whom donated, and the remaining four gave generously at the end of the canvass for the church debt, when the sum of one hundred and twenty-five dollars was raised to give a gold

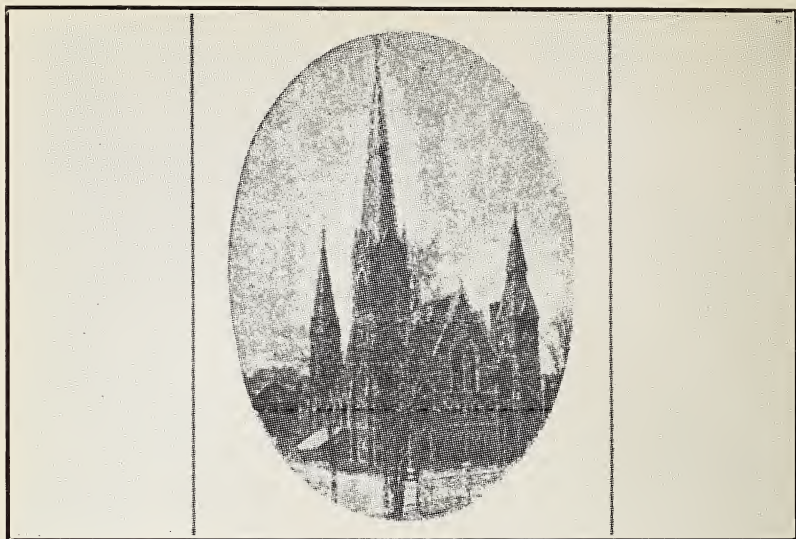
watch to the pastor, which was presented to him at the reopening of the rejuvenated church, October 17, 1886. A gracious revival began on Watch-Night, and in April, 1887, at the session of the New York East Conference, R. T. Cooper was received on trial, although he had another year at Drew to complete his course.

To bring the vital facts of Jesuitism in Methodism before the eyes of my readers, I will divide my pastoral record in the Methodist Episcopal Church into three epochs or periods. By a singular coincidence while at Drew Theological Seminary, I aided a student in November, 1885, in a series of revival meetings on Long Island. God blessed the work, and as a neighboring charge was to have a change of pastors in the following April, Presiding Elder Simmons, of blessed memory, offered me the appointment, provided I would surrender the right to the charge previously offered me on the Newark District, in whose bounds Drew Theological Seminary was located. As the New York East Conference is known all over the Methodist world as the shrine of Methodism, I accepted Doctor Simmons's offer. The second year of his appointment at Bayport and Blue Point was even more blessed in results than the first year.

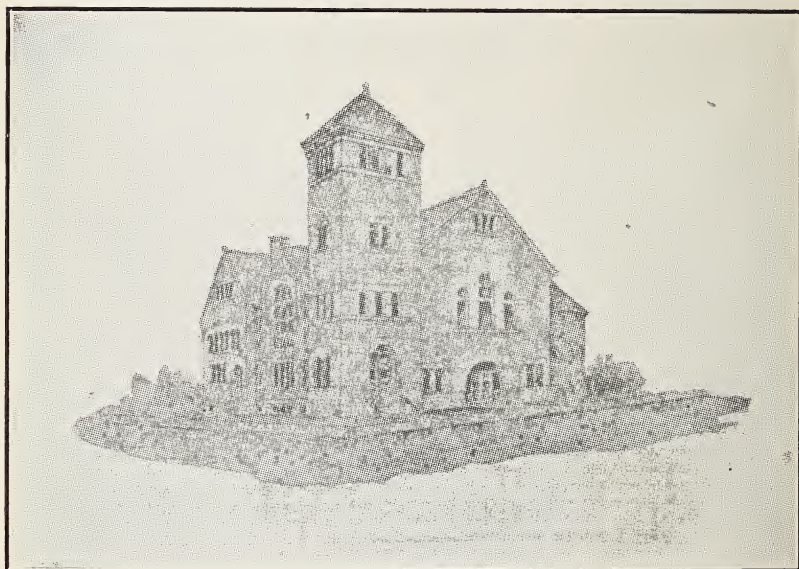
A parsonage property near the shore was willed to the Bayport Church, to come into possession of the church on the death of the aged occupant,

which occurred a few years later on. Meanwhile, sustained by the active co-operation of the members and friends of the Bayport Church, land next to the church was purchased, and now a neat house stands on the spot ready to receive every pastor appointed to Bayport. The Blue Point Church was thoroughly refurnished, and horse sheds were built. Because he had done so well on Long Island, the New York East Conference thought he ought to have another chance to show what he could do. Accordingly, Saugatuck, Connecticut, was selected for his work for the Conference year 1888. Here a different proposition confronted the new pastor. The "better-to-do" people at the mornings' services attended church in the next village; if they liked the Methodist Episcopal minister at Saugatuck they attended his services in the evening. Because it was a necessity that he should be liked, the new pastor visited every family in the village, as the Methodist Episcopal Church was the sole representative of Christianity in Saugatuck. The church took on new life, and the people filled the church. Without taking counsel with flesh and blood, the pastor drew up a subscription paper and soon had the funds to pay off the debt on the church, and to completely refurnish the edifice. On November 2, 1888, in the presence of a packed church, the mortgage was burned, and the doxology sung. "How did you manage to raise this large sum of money in a





M. E. CHURCH AT JAMESTOWN, N. Y.
Where the Erie Conference tried and expelled R. T. Cooper, September 3, 1908.



EPWORTH M. E. CHURCH AT NEW HAVEN, CONN.
Dedicated in March, 1893.

community so divided?" asked Presiding Elder Cheney of the pastor. "Everywhere I went," the pastor replied, "I said, 'I am the church.'"

A great revival followed in January, 1889, and the membership was nearly doubled. At the session of the Conference of 1889, R. T. Cooper was appointed to New Milford, Connecticut, where three very happy years were spent. Owing to the fact that in the month of May following, a bride was to grace the parsonage, both *outside* and *inside* such improvements were made that Presiding Elder Cheney walked by the house, not recognizing the parsonage. Thousands of dollars were raised to beautify the church property, and in the three years pastorate the church membership, benevolences, and pastor's salary doubled, and it was so reported to Conference by the presiding elder.

Epworth Church at New Haven, Connecticut, was to erect a spacious edifice, and in looking over the Conference for the *right man*, R. T. Cooper was slated for that charge. He was accordingly so read off by Bishop D. A. Goodsell at the session of 1892. If ever a new pastor needed prayers to be offered for his success, he needed them at this time. Only one hundred and thirteen members were on the roll of the church membership at this time, because the old St. Johns Street Church in giving birth to Epworth Church was so rent with dissensions, that in removing to the East

Rock section of the city only a remnant went with the new enterprise. A little wooden tabernacle stood on the parsonage lot on Edwards Street, and a prospective \$50,000 edifice was to be erected on the corner of Orange and Edwards Streets. "Who is sufficient for these things?" was a question ever uppermost in the mind of the new pastor. The comforting reply, "Our sufficiency cometh from God," was an inspiration, as the pastor in taking subscriptions for the new church compassed the city more times than the walls of ancient Jericho were compassed.

Twenty-five hundred and eleven persons donated toward the building of the church, among whom were one hundred and fifty-two Roman Catholics, forty-eight Jews, three Chinese and four Mormons. Presiding Elder Beach's report to the Annual Conference of 1893, on the dedication of Epworth Church, will never be forgotten. Once, twice, three times was he stopped in the reading of his report by storms of applause, especially when he said the subscription list of R. T. Cooper for Epworth Church "looked like a subscription taken up on the Day of Pentecost." Bishop Ninde, the presiding Bishop, whose son, Rev. E. S. Ninde, D. D., was the writer's classmate at Wesleyan University, called the Epworth Church pastor to the platform after the conclusion of the reading of Dr. Beach's report, and said, "Brother Cooper, first of all I want to congratulate you over your

great work; second, to ask you a question. I came to Danbury (the seat of the Conference) via New Haven; I heard that a child in New Haven just before the Conference swallowed a silver dollar. The best surgeons were employed and said, 'There is no hope for the child.' Finally one of them exclaimed, 'Oh, happy thought! one man remains in the universe who can rescue a dollar in its last extremity. Send for Cooper of Epworth Church!' Cooper came, simply looked at the child, who smiled and coughed up the dollar. The grateful parents," said the Bishop, "gave you that dollar for Epworth Church. Is that true, Brother Cooper?" "Simply an old wives' fable," was the reply. "But it is true," said the writer, "that even in such an emergency as that I could have accepted a dollar for Epworth Church."

Now comes a tragic tale about the pastor of Epworth Church. Because of his success in spiritual and temporal things, the writer had aroused the animosity of two prominent laymen of a nearby sister church. One layman was the Dean of the Yale Law School, the other, the Head of the Associated Charities of New Haven. The writer was persuaded by the Mayor of New Haven to make an investigation regarding the social evils which pervaded the Yale University at that time. The city press was filled with stories regarding "specific cases of immorality," and the writer was in the midst of taking subscriptions for the new

Epworth Church and thus had every opportunity to come in contact with "all classes and conditions of men." For eighteen months a private detective shadowed the writer, and not until March, 1895, did the writer gain any knowledge of what was going on. In conjunction with his presiding elder, Rev. C. J. North, D. D., he demanded of Assistant Attorney Matthewman, who was aiding the parties previously mentioned, a "bill of charges." Matthewman, who had placed a memorial window in the new church for his deceased mother and had never paid for it, said, "*There were no charges.*" The writer told Presiding Elder North that Matthewman could not be trusted. As the term of R. T. Cooper with Epworth Church was to terminate the following April, Matthewman sprung a trap just two days before the Annual Conference was to begin, claiming that fresh evidence had been discovered, and demanding that an investigation should be held. Owing to the subsequent outcome of affairs, we publish in full the report contained in the *New York Christian Advocate* of October 3, 1895.

VINDICATED

About six months ago an extraordinary scandal arose concerning Rufus T. Cooper, pastor of Epworth Church, New Haven. This scandal was sprung upon the public just before the last session of New York East Conference. It was impossible

to have a trial in the civil courts at once. The minister inculpated asked to be made supernumerary, that he might demand a public trial. Finally the presiding elder, the Rev. Crandall J. North, addressed an open letter to the district attorney. The case was finally brought to trial. The accused was acquitted.

On July 1 a Committee of Inquiry was appointed, with functions somewhat similar to those of a grand jury—not to try the case, but by informal investigation to ascertain whether there was sufficient probable evidence of the guilt of the accused to justify the bringing of formal charges against him and the assembling of an ecclesiastical court for his trial. As Mr. Cooper had been unusually successful in his work in New Haven, and his reputation was without reproach prior to this scandal, great interest was felt in the results of the prosecution. The following is the committee's report:

“The Committee of Inquiry, appointed to ascertain on behalf of the Methodist Episcopal Church whether there should be a formal ecclesiastical investigation of certain accusations made against the Rev. Rufus T. Cooper, present the following to the Rev. Crandall J. North, Presiding Elder of New Haven District, New York East Conference, as their finding in the case:

“1. The Rev. Rufus T. Cooper, in accordance with his own demand, was tried in the City Court

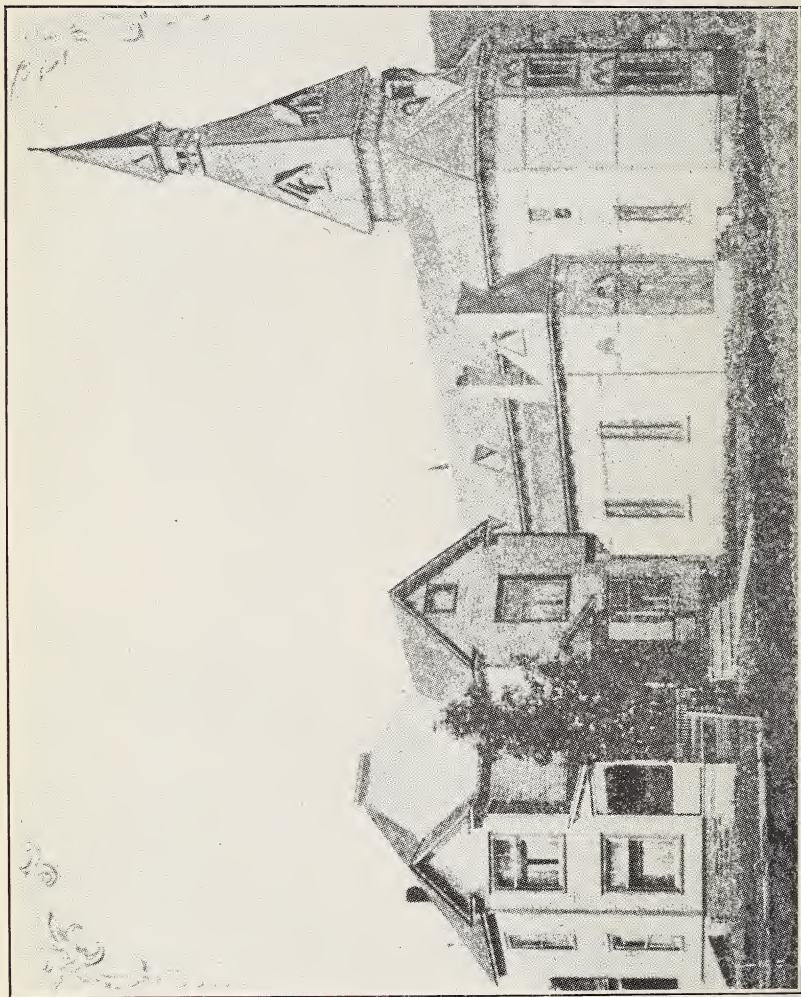
of New Haven upon the charges made against him, and was acquitted.

"2. The Committee of Inquiry having, with one or two exceptions, attended throughout the trial in the City Court, carefully observing all the proceedings and hearing all the testimony, are unanimously agreed that the Court could not in justice have rendered any other verdict than that of acquittal; and, furthermore, that the accused was innocent of the charges.

"3. The prosecution having evidently exhausted all its resources in the trial, and no other evidence having come to our knowledge, we, the Committee of Inquiry, do not find ground for a formal ecclesiastical investigation.

"Signed at New Haven, Conn., Sept. 25, 1895: Nathan G. Cheney, East Pearl Street Church, New Haven; Gardner S. Eldridge, First Church, Waterbury; Calvin B. Ford, Howard Avenue Church, New Haven; Benjamin F. Kidder, Shelton Church; Charles P. Marsden, First Church, New Haven; Morris W. Prince, Trinity Church, New Haven; William A. Richards, South Park Church, Hartford; Frank A. Schofield, Grace Church, New Haven; Henry E. Wing, Ansonia Church."

The presiding elder, in view of the circumstances, has addressed a letter, embodying the report, to the *Evening Leader*, of New Haven, in introducing which he says: "I am, therefore, careful to explain that this committee's report is only advisory to the presiding elder, and that he is fully empowered, upon the appearance of any other sufficient evidence, to institute formal ecclesias-



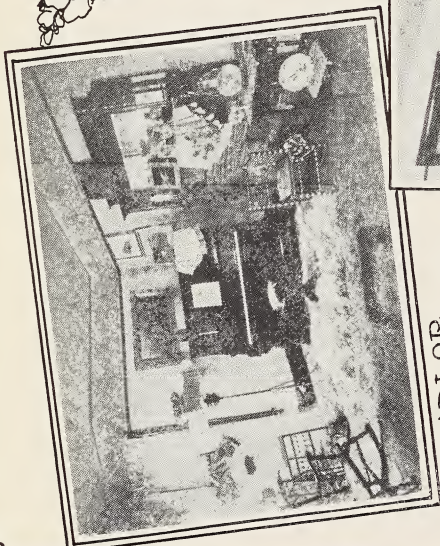
M. E. CHURCH AND PARSONAGE AT WELLSBURGH, N. Y.

tical investigation. Let it be clearly understood that, although my present convictions are in perfect accord with the report of the Committee of Inquiry, if any person has grave charges to bring, or evidence upon which they can be based, the presentation of these to the presiding elder will be promptly followed by the convening of an ecclesiastical court for the trial of the case."

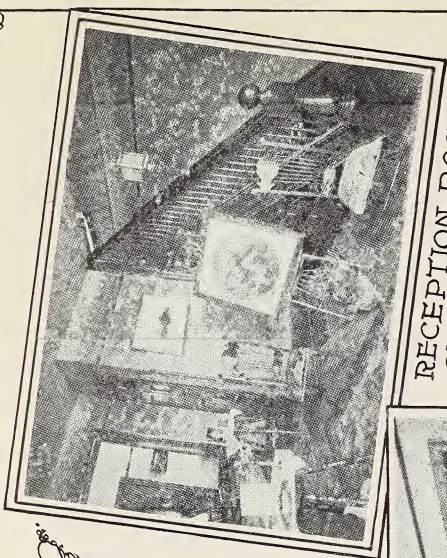
In view of the extraordinary interest in this case and the great harm done to the reputation of the minister, charging him with a heinous offense without adequate, or, indeed, any proof whatever that he committed it, we publish the report. Some of the ministers whose names are signed to it have an almost national reputation in Methodism, others are younger men, but for the benefit of all concerned we state that they stand as well with their brethren of New York East Conference as the others stand in that Conference and elsewhere.

This report came out during the Conference week of October, 1895, of the Central New York Conference, where R. T. Cooper was transferred and stationed at Wellsburgh, New York, after Bishop E. G. Andrews, in open Conference, had explained the reasons for making the transfer. By a unanimous vote of the Conference, the transfer was requested. Now began a struggle for existence. Wellsburgh had no parsonage, neither was there a house to rent in the village. Storing

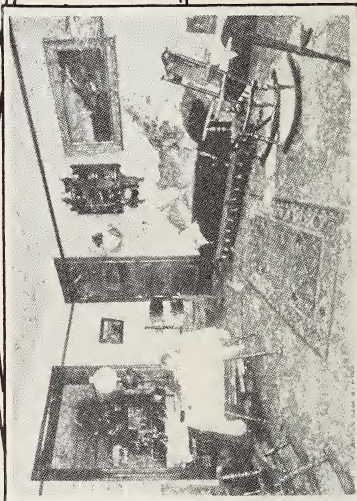
the household goods in the Sunday School room, and living with his family in the church parlors, the new pastor challenged the town to build a new parsonage, which was begun by the late Rev. C. E. Ferguson, completed in March, 1896, and dedicated by Bishop C. D. Foss *free from debt*. A gracious revival followed, the pastor was returned a second year, and left the charge in October, 1897, for Lyons, New York, where three profitable years were spent, and thousands of dollars were raised in beautifying the church property. Here also gracious revivals prevailed, and *all* interests of the church were advanced. From this point the fortunes of R. T. Cooper, in the New York Central Conference, commenced to decline. Because the Conference of 1900, with Bishop McCabe, and the entire Cabinet wanted him to raise a hundred thousand dollars for the Conference Claimants' Fund at a time when Chancellor Day was raising the great endowment for the University; R. T. Cooper could not see it that way, although he was told both by the Bishop and Cabinet that he possessed divine gifts, that he could draw blood out of a stone, that he could rap anywhere on a barn in Central New York and have ten dollars passed out to him, nevertheless, he still declined the offer. It was clearly the case of the *office seeking the man*, and the man could not be induced to run. After repeatedly declining the offer, on the last day of the session while temporarily out of



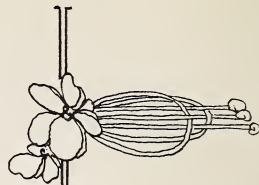
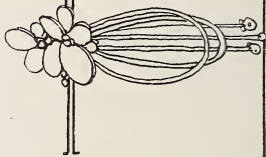
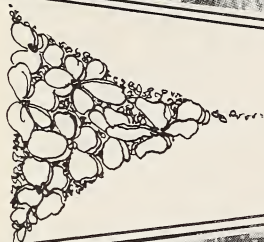
PARLOR
OF
PARSONAGE



RECEPTION ROOM
OF
PARSONAGE



DRAWING ROOM OF PARSONAGE.



INTERIOR VIEWS OF THE WELLSBURGH, N. Y., M. E. PARSONAGE.
Built in 1895.

the Conference, by a *unanimous vote* the Bishop was requested to appoint R. T. Cooper Secretary of the Permanent Fund. After firmly declining the honor, the Bishop said, "Meet me at the last Cabinet meeting at 2 p. m."

The warmest Cabinet meeting I ever attended was held that day at Cazenovia, New York. After several pitched battles the writer was released from that job, and promised a fourth year at Lyons; but read off two hours later for Weedsport, New York, where Rev. Earnest Lynn Waldorf had won all hearts and was very desirous of a return to that charge, as he was backed up by the entire official board. A petition of four hundred and twenty-eight signatures was brought to Conference, and presented daily to the Bishop and his Cabinet by thirty men with tomahawks in hand, and war paint and feathers adorning their persons.

A very peculiar question for a preacher going to a new appointment needed to be asked, "What family in Weedsport will be most likely to entertain over the Sabbath the newly appointed pastor?" The name of *Undertaker* White was suggested. There I was royally entertained, and shall never forget the welcome. The spacious home had two wings in either of which lived a son and his family. The three men were all on the official board and with the other officials had taken oath that "they would neither eat nor drink until

they had slain the new preacher.” The first Sabbath morning brought to the First Methodist Episcopal Church a congregation that completely filled the edifice. For all the inhabitants of Weedsport were wondering, “What manner of man the Conference had sent them?” Before announcing the text, the pastor said, “I am aware that I have come to the most unanimous church in all the Central New York Conference. You were a unit in not wanting me here, and I was just as unanimous in not wanting to come. I didn’t, and the Lord knows that I didn’t pull a single wire to get the appointment to this charge. All who expect to stand by the newly appointed pastor can shake hands at the close of the morning’s services.” Fully three-quarters of the great congregation remained to assure the pastor that they would stand by him, but the entire official board were conspicuous by their absence. The Conference year passed rapidly away, and the record of the year showed uniformly large congregations, benevolences, pastor’s salary, and generous additions to the membership of the church. The parsonage was thoroughly refurnished, and the Woodsport Cook Book, with the accompanying Chicken-Pie Supper, netted a “harvest of dollars.” At the Conference session of 1901 a train of circumstances caused R. T. Cooper to take a supernumerary relation.

This was a time when the question could be pertinently asked, "Does God make the appointments of the Central New York Conference?" The Presiding Bishop, C. H. Fowler, was a man of very strong prejudices. He worked hand in glove with his partisans. I was slated for a charge where a presiding elder's nephew by marriage had divided a church by building a new parsonage, and leaving the entire debt as a legacy to his successor for collection. As I saw this nephew promoted four hundred dollars in his salary, and another brother "hardly out of his swaddling clothes" taken after a pastorate of one year from a charge where he had made fifteen hundred pastoral calls, and had been the agent in God's hands of saving over one hundred souls promoted to a large city church, I hardly felt "*moved by the Holy Ghost*" to go to Watkins, and shoulder the heavy load of debt. To the credit of my presiding elder, F. T. Keeney, let it be said he fought hard to save me from a "drop," but was relieved of his district, and sent back to a former charge. The presiding elder's nephew was cut four hundred dollars, and got the same amount as Watkins paid, and the presiding elder at the same charge fell from eighty dollars to thirty-two dollars on his salary. The young man in "swaddling clothes" got his promotion, but in a few years he so wore out his welcome that he was compelled to take a year *off* for rest and travel. On his return to the work of the Con-

ference he received several hundred less on his salary than he was wont, and fell to his "own grade." Uncle Reuben, his father in the gospel, had gone to his reward, and no longer was there a friend at court to bring Dr. Haigh a call from a large church.

After an absence of a year from pastoral work, R. T. Cooper was again made effective, and sent to Syracuse, New York, to rebuild a burned church. Never will the restoration of Bethany Church be forgotten. Catholic, Jew and Protestant aided the pastor in his work, and in less than twelve months, phoenix-like, Bethany Church had risen from the dead. Two years were spent in Syracuse, and Bethany Church experienced two glorious revivals. Bishop Neely, of fragrant memory, saved me from the hand of my irate presiding elder, who wanted me to build another church in a small parish in the suburbs of Syracuse. The writer was read out for Phoenix, New York, and in a single year a great revival crowned the work of the year. The ark of a parsonage was sold and a very convenient house *free from debt* became the abiding place of the succeeding pastors. Presiding Elder D. D. Campbell could never forgive Bishop Neely for sending me to Phoenix, and spent all the year sowing the seeds of poison on the charge, working for my removal, although I had been the agent in getting his salary on the district raised two hundred dollars,

and had also secured the purse of one hundred and fifty-three dollars which sent him as a visitor to the General Conference at Los Angeles, California.

Sodus Point and Wallington, New York, became my last appointment in the Central New York Conference. At Wallington there was neither church edifice nor a single church member. After repairing and refurnishing the parsonage at Sodus Point, revival meetings were started at Wallington, and at the close of the meetings seventy-three members were taken into the membership of the Wallington and Sodus Point churches.

There was *now* an imperative demand for a new church at Wallington. Today a very pretty church, with every window a memorial, stands in Wallington as a comfort to the people, as an inspiration to every pastor appointed to the charge. The spirit of Jesuitism in Methodism had been rapidly growing during the latter part of my sojourn in the Central New York Conference. My presiding elder, E. M. Mills, D. D., was chosen as one of the Secretaries of the Home Missionary Society in March, 1907. Rev. C. E. Jewell was taken from Geneva, New York, and placed on the district to follow Dr. Mills. R. T. Cooper, who was just dedicating his new Wallington church, was sent to Geneva, New York. The General Conference elections were rapidly approaching, and Central New York Conference was divided into

two hostile camps—Mills and anti-Mills. The latter party was led by Jewell, Giles, Haigh and Skinner. Every political device known to Tammany Hall was used to defeat Dr. E. M. Mills. R. T. Cooper was “spotted” as a friend of Dr. Mills. By a concerted program *all over* the Central New York Conference letters poured in on Bishop Fowler, asking that R. T. Cooper’s appointment to Geneva be cancelled. The mail which brought Cooper the reversal of the appointment to Geneva, also brought a unanimous call to Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church at Poughkeepsie, New York. Bishop Fowler on the receipt of my call to Poughkeepsie, New York, requested me to come *at once* to New York City, where the New York Conference was to convene in Union Church. On my arrival Bishop Fowler said, “I will recommend to Bishop Berry (the Presiding Bishop of the New York Conference in 1907) that a man be sent from the New York Conference to Geneva, and then you can go to Trinity Church at Poughkeepsie, New York.” Accordingly, Bishop Berry invited me to come into the Cabinet of the New York Conference, where he asked me, in case I could not be sent to Trinity Church, “Would you take such work as the Cabinet could give you?” I replied that I would, and a presiding elder who had been with me at Drew said, “I have a charge on my district paying twelve hundred and house” (about half the salary paid at Trinity); “would

you accept that?" I replied, "Yes, if that is the best that can be done." Bishop Berry then said, "Brother Cooper, you have simplified matters greatly, we can now transfer you." Bishop Berry made so many blunders at this session of the New York Conference that his Presidency at the New York Conference will never again be acceptable. At a recent visit through the territory of the New York Conference, of the forty pastors interviewed, only *one* stood up for Bishop Berry, and his brethren said, "He was jumped six hundred dollars in salary at the Conference session of 1907." Before the Conference closed on account of pressure from Central New York, Bishop Fowler withdrew Geneva Church from receiving a transfer from the New York Conference, and R. T. Cooper failed in making his transfer to the New York Conference. On being pressed for his reason in failing to allow the transfer to go through, Bishop Fowler admitted that certain parties in Central New York had sent him letters reflecting on the moral character of R. T. Cooper. Bishop Fowler advised the writer to take an eight-hundred charge in the New York Conference, and to allow a transfer from New York Conference to go to Sodus Point. The writer declined to act on this suggestion of Bishop Fowler's. On arriving in Central New York, the writer made it his first duty to write to Presiding Elder Jewell, that either a bill of charges or a letter stating there

was nothing on which a charge could be based, should be sent him. Brother Jewell wrote back the following letter, which we insert:

GENEVA, N. Y., *April 13, 1907.*

REV. RUFUS T. COOPER,

Sodus Point, N. Y.

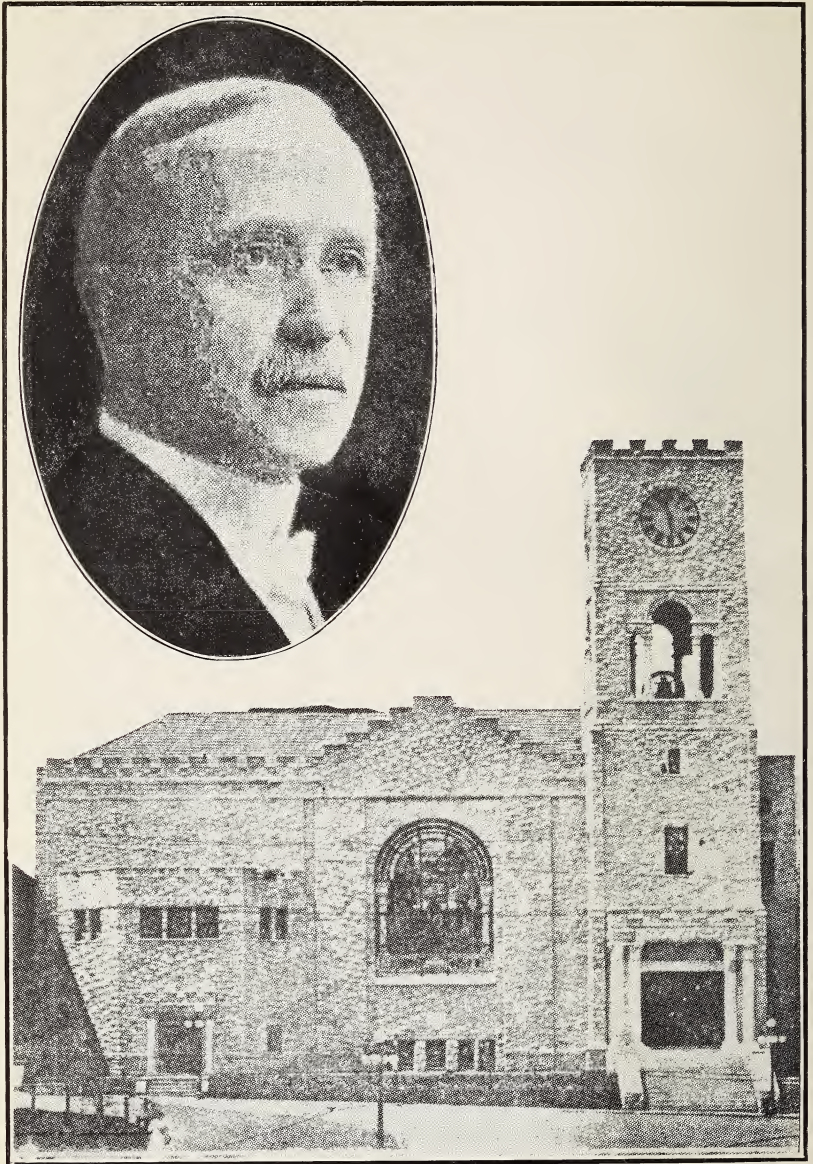
DEAR BROTHER COOPER:

Your letter reached me yesterday just as I was about to start for Newark. I have just returned and hasten to answer. There are no charges in my hands nor do I know of any. I would say further that I know of no rumors that have gone to any bishop from Geneva. Be assured that were charges against you placed in my hands you would be entitled to and would receive first consideration from me. I shall be glad to see you at my first opportunity.

Fraternally yours,

C. E. JEWELL.

The writer sent Presiding Elder Jewell's letter to Bishop Fowler, with the statement, if R. T. Cooper was morally unfit to preach the gospel at Geneva and Poughkeepsie, he also should be debarred from serving the churches at Sodus Point and Wallington, New York. Bishop Berry after his stormy Presidency at the New York Conference in 1907 was appointed to hold the Central New York Conference in October, 1907. The writer in June, 1907, was invited to Buffalo, New York, to dine with Bishop Berry. The good Bishop as-



GENEVA M. E. CHURCH AND PASTOR REV. D. D. CAMPBELL, D.D.

sured Cooper that he would be taken care of, and excoriated Jewell as a man who did nothing on a charge. Meanwhile the canvass for the election of the General Conference delegates in the Central New York Conference was waxing warmer and warmer. (Read again, dear reader, the article headed "Vindicated," some pages back in this book, and note what the anti-Mills party had as a basis for attacking the writer.) Rev. A. W. Batty, Ph. D., a Jewell man, whose name indicates the state of his mind, sent letters all over the Central New York Conference seeking to injure E. M. Mills, D. D., by attacking the New York East Conference record of R. T. Cooper. By the advice of friends, the author drew up in the form of an affidavit a statement rehearsing the history of his ministry in the Central New York Conference, affixed the seal of Chemung County to it, with the name of the district attorney attached. One copy was mailed to Bishop Berry, and Presiding Elder Jewell was compelled to read a copy. In this affidavit Bishop Berry and his Cabinet were entreated either to bring a bill of charges against the writer, or to set him *free from false accusers*.

When the name of R. T. Cooper was called in open Conference, Presiding Elder Jewell replied, "Nothing against Brother Cooper." When the ballots for General Conference delegates were counted it was found that Dr. Mills for the first

time *had failed of an election* to the General Conference. When the Conference appointments were made, R. T. Cooper was read out to North Lansing, Lansingville, and East Genoa. Ten minutes later Bishop Berry was forced to cancel that appointment. Until December 4, 1907, the writer was without work, and was nominally stationed at Lyons, New York, as assistant pastor. By the same jesuitical intrigue the writer was blocked from becoming a field agent for the Blocher homes at Williamville, New York. "Thus did the end justify the means."

Finally, on December 4, 1907, Bishop Berry transferred me to Hillsville, Pennsylvania, in the Erie Conference, at a salary of \$1,000 and parsonage. I left the Episcopal residence in the morning, and reached Newcastle, Pennsylvania, the home of my new presiding elder, T. W. Douglas, on the evening of the same day. On the receipt of my transfer from Bishop Berry, Dr. Douglas exclaimed, "Bishop Berry lied when he said you would get one thousand and parsonage at Hillsville, Pennsylvania. Besides, the appointment is not on the trolley line, but it is four miles out in the country. The salary of the charge had been reduced to six hundred dollars, and a local preacher is supplying the work." On reaching the charge I found in talking with the people that it was a draw between Bishop Berry and Presiding Elder Douglas as to which could tell the "big-

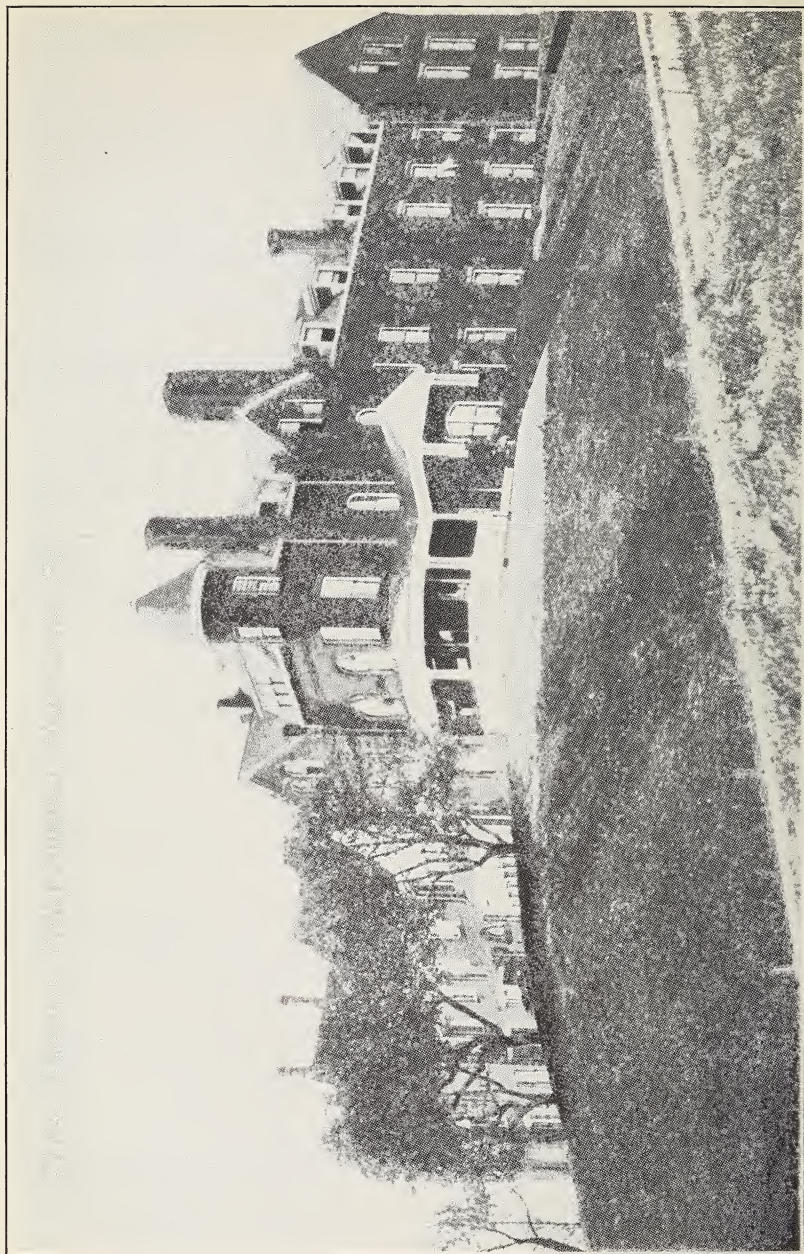
gest whopper.” For educational advantages the writer had moved his wife and three children to Moody Schools at East Northfield, Massachusetts, at the end of his first year at Sodus Point and Wallington, New York.

Accordingly, the writer moved into the pretty parsonage, which was but scantily furnished, and as many debts were floating about in Hillsville, Pennsylvania, including seventy-eight dollars back on the supply pastor’s salary, and the entire first quarter’s salary of the presiding elder was unpaid, I arranged with the Ladies’ Home Missionary Society to publish a Cook Book on terms mutually satisfactory. By the aid of Dr. Douglas in both the Hillsville and Mount Jackson churches the salary was voted one thousand dollars and parsonage, and all the debts were soon cleared off. The prospect of a successful year grew brighter and brighter, and Dr. Douglas gave the writer sanction for the raising of the moneys for Hillsville charge. The pastor and ladies made a complete canvass of the entire region, and the recipes and advertisements were soon in the publisher’s hands. Late in February, in the midst of revival meetings at Mount Jackson, the author was stricken with a severe attack of la grippe, with other complications following. At the home of Simon Hoffmeister, one of my trustees, for two weeks was the writer seriously ill. A relapse followed my return to Hillsville, and four of my of-

ficial members carried me to the Shenango Valley Hospital at Newcastle, Pennsylvania, on March 18, 1908. In room 18 I was placed *to die*, but I lived in spite of the contrariwise prophecies of *two doctors, the superintendent of the hospital, and the attending nurses*. Never shall I forget the kindness of Elmer Elsworth Higley, D. D., who wrote *all* of my letters to my wife, and so forth. An angel of light he appeared to be; subsequent events will show how I misread him. During my tarry in the hospital of four weeks, and the two weeks' illness at Mount Jackson, I fell away forty-six pounds.

Owing to the slow payment on my salary and the need of collecting in the moneys on the Cook Book, I left the hospital one week earlier than the superintendent and doctors advised. Hardly able to walk on account of muscular rheumatism, I managed to go all over Newcastle, Pennsylvania, and Youngstown, Ohio, and so forth—everywhere I had sold an advertisement—and gathered together the moneys to pay up the bills.

While I had “slumbered and slept” at the hospital my enemies had been active. Jesuitism in Methodism everywhere was manifest. Not only had Presiding Elder Jewell and his Central New York cohorts been everywhere sowing the seeds of dissension, but also four former pastors of the Hillsville charge, who were quartered on the Newcastle District, had been exceedingly active in



SHENANGO VALLEY HOSPITAL.

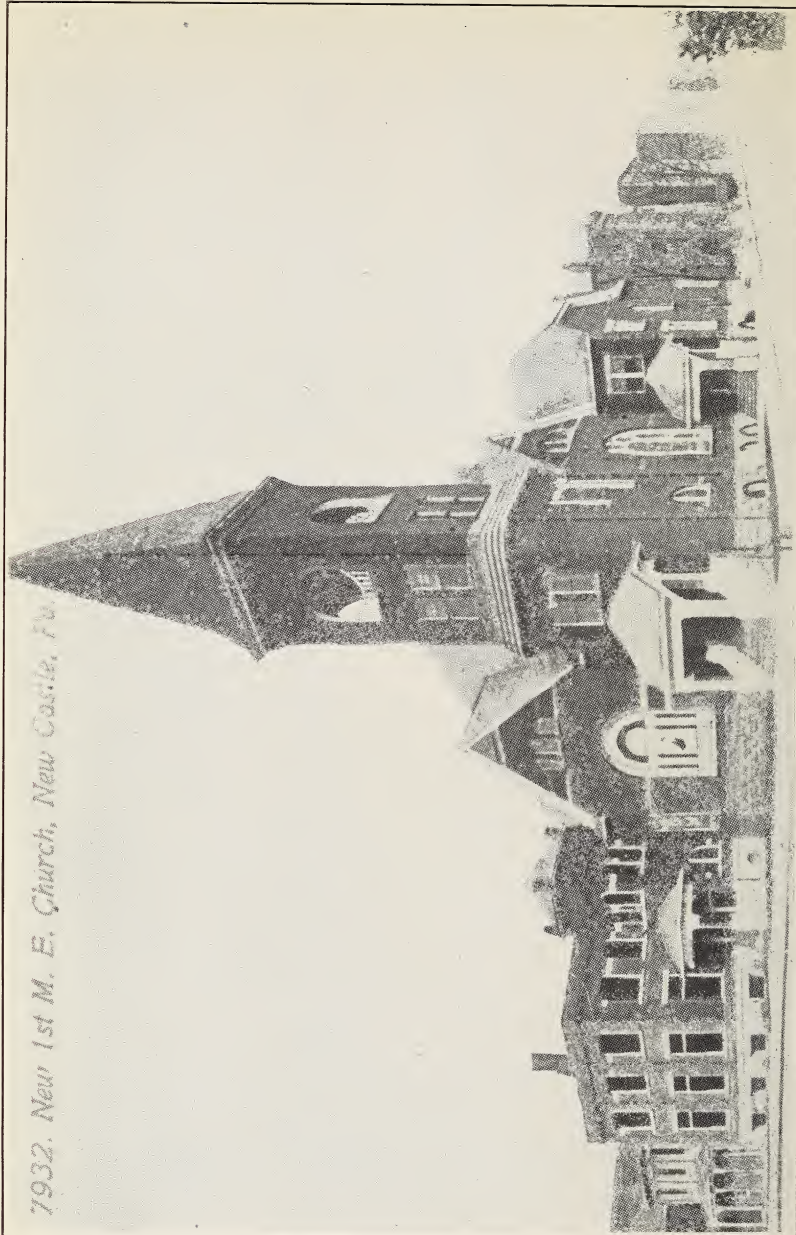
Where R. T. Cooper was a patient March 18, 1908, to April 15, 1908.

advising the Hillsville people not to refurnish their parsonage, for which the moneys had already been raised. Erie Conference had been filled with all kinds of rumors about the writer. Another tragedy was to be enacted. The "Holy Inquisition" was first to be held at Youngstown, Ohio, and then in Newcastle, Pennsylvania. As an outgrowth of the canvass for the Hillsville Cook Book, three business men of Youngstown, with the connivance and active co-operation of the two district superintendents, T. W. Douglas and O. W. Holmes, supplemented by the untiring labors of the ever-devoted Elmer Elsworth Higley, made a conspiracy against R. T. Cooper. *Nets* everywhere were spread to entrap me. In the darkest days of the Holy Inquisition no baser plot can be found on the pages of history than that described in the preliminary proceedings against R. T. Cooper held in the First Methodist Episcopal Church at Newcastle, Pennsylvania, July 14, 1908.

The three Youngstown business men were T. I. Jacobs, W. J. Roberts and E. E. Miles; the first two connected with the Mahoning Bank at Youngstown, Ohio, and the last a real estate dealer, brother-in-law of W. J. Roberts. Under cross-examination, Miles admitted that he had done what he had carried out at the advice of a Methodist minister. Miles, according to the Ohio law, was the criminal in the case, and as such was open to arrest. Presiding Elder Douglas was the man

who, according to E. E. Higley's statement to the writer, had advised Miles to invite Cooper over to his office, and there to entrap him. Dr. Douglas presided over the preliminary investigation, and although he had been a *particeps criminis*, he rendered all the legal decisions. The whole affair from beginning to end was a perfect mockery. After a prominent Connecticut Judge had looked over the papers of the preliminary investigation, he said, "If everything said against you by these men were true, every one of the Clericals ought to be expelled from the ministry and membership of the Methodist Episcopal Church, together with the Bishop (Berry) who screened and upheld them." Two of the investigators at the preliminary investigation at Newcastle, Pennsylvania, J. C. MacDonald and David Taylor, were challenged for cause, but the objection was overruled by Dr. Douglas, and both men served on the committee. During the dinner hour, while the writer and his counsel, Rev. E. O. Minnigh, were absent, the Court was reasssembled, and the verdict of the suspension of R. T. Cooper from the ministry and membership of the Methodist Episcopal Church until the next Erie Conference was announced. The interim between the writer's suspension, July 14, 1908, at Newcastle, Pennsylvania, and the opening of the Erie Annual Conference at Jamestown, New York, September 2, 1908, was spent by the writer in getting ready for his

7932. New 1st M. E. Church, New Castle, Pa.



FIRST M. E. CHURCH AT NEW CASTLE, PA.
Where the preliminary examination of R. T. Cooper was held July 14, 1908.

case. He was made to feel all along that with the parties involved in the case it would be a verdict of "acquit Verres though he confesses." Such proved to be the case.

At the opening of the session of the Erie Annual Conference at Jamestown, New York, September 2, 1908, the writer had not been able to persuade any of the pastors of the Conference to sign a bill of charges against the administration of Presiding Elder T. W. Douglas. The Presiding Bishop (Hamilton) seemed pleased that such was the case. Nothing daunted, the writer sat up until midnight Tuesday evening, September 1, 1908, and convinced his host, who was a printer, that it was his duty to sign the bill of charges against the administration of Dr. Douglas. Early in the morning of the opening of the Conference this host hurried to his office and struck off three copies of the bill of charges. Bishop Hamilton after the sacramental services were over invited the whole congregation to come to the altar, and shake hands with him. The writer availed himself of the privilege so to do, and handed Dr. Douglas, who stood in the chancel next to the Bishop, "the bill of charges against his administration." Consternation was depicted on the face of Dr. Douglas when the bill of charges was presented to the Conference by Bishop Hamilton. He "quaked like an aspen leaf." While waiting at the railroad station for the Rev. Arthur Copeland, his counsel

from the Central New York Conference, the previously mentioned Rev. Elmer Elsworth Higley, whom I had learned to love dearly, said, "Brother Cooper, you have prejudiced your case before the Conference by preferring charges against Dr. Douglas. A committee of his friends will set him free."

Dr. Higley, one of the Secretaries of the Erie Annual Conference, evidently read the minds of the five men appointed by the Bishop to investigate the conduct of Dr. Douglas in the Cooper case. These five men the next day reported to the Conference that "there was no cause for action in the case of T. W. Douglas." Thus again did "the end justify the means." Although repeatedly the writer tried to secure from Secretary Graham and E. E. Higley the names of these five men, both Graham and Higley had faulty memories, and neither could recall the names of these five men.

One of the saddest travesties of justice was the report of the pastor's salary. Hillsville was owing sixty-five dollars and fifty cents and Mount Jackson twenty-six dollars—ninety-one dollars and fifty cents in all. Having no confidence in the moral integrity of T. W. Douglas, before I left the Hillsville charge I got both the treasurer of the charge, John Burkey of Hillsville, and O. L. Miller of Mount Jackson, to certify to the truth that the Hillsville charge owed the pastor ninety-

one dollars and fifty cents. I carried this statement to T. W. Douglas at his home in Newcastle, Pennsylvania, gave up all benevolent moneys, save ninety-one dollars and fifty cents, which I said I would pay in case the charge did not pay in the money by Conference. Dr. Douglas's salary on the charge was paid "in full." At the Conference I learned the ninety-one dollars and fifty cents had not been paid in. Not trusting Dr. Douglas I paid over the ninety-one dollars and fifty cents by check to Bishop Hamilton, who turned the check over to the Conference Treasurer. That money was never credited to the Hillsville charge, nor was acknowledgment made through the *Pittsburgh Advocate* later on, even though Bishop Hamilton and R. T. Cooper asked for such acknowledgment. While on the basis of one thousand dollars and house, there was a deficit of ninety-one dollars and fifty cents in the pastor's salary for Hillsville charge. In the ensuing Erie Conference minutes, Hillsville was credited with \$900 and parsonage estimated, and \$900 and parsonage *paid in full*. Again did "*the end justify the means.*"

September 3, 1908, the day of the trial of the Cooper case, dawned beautiful and clear. At the last moment his counsel, Rev. Arthur Copeland of Central New York Conference, sent a telegram, "I am detained from coming on by pressing reasons." Rev. J. M. Crouch of the Erie Conference

went ahead with the case. In the pages of this book it would be impossible to state all that hatred and malice did in this "so-called trial." With a record of the preliminary investigation at New-castle, Pennsylvania, so shamefully prepared as to make any fair-minded person blush, as the basis of the trial with Dr. E. E. Higley as Secretary, Cooper was found guilty, and expelled from the ministry and membership of the Methodist Episcopal Church. An appeal was taken to a Judicial Conference, the place and time to be decided upon later. To the credit of several members of the Erie Conference let it be said that they came to the writer and expressed their sympathy with him, and their abhorrence of the unfairness which had characterized the trial. But "the end justified the means."

It is the duty of the Presiding Bishop at an Annual Conference where an appeal is taken to a Judicial Conference to select the triers of appeal from three contiguous Conferences, after consulting the wishes of the appellant. Bishop Hamilton failed to do so. By the advice of his counsel, Rev. S. F. Sanford, the writer sent to the Board of Bishops at the semi-annual meeting in Indianapolis, Indiana, late in October, 1908, the statement of his case, and requesting that the triers of appeal from Wyoming, Northern New York and Troy Conferences should sit on the case, and that the Civil Courts should act first in the case.

Cooper had made a similar request of Dr. Douglas when he had presented the bill of charges for the preliminary investigation at Newcastle, Pennsylvania. When the Bishops had acted on the matter, Bishop Hamilton wrote back that "the case had been taken out of his hands and that the triers of appeal from the Genesee, Pittsburgh and West Virginia Conferences would hear the case, with Bishop Berry as Presiding Bishop. Straightway R. T. Cooper sent a letter of protest to Bishop Hamilton, objecting to Bishop Berry, because he had both appointed R. T. Cooper to the Hillsville charge, and Dr. S. F. Sanford, his counsel to his presiding elder's district. He also objected to the Presidency of Bishop Berry, because he was the resident Bishop of the Genesee Conference, and at that time was President of the Pittsburgh Conferences; West Virginia alone was neutral. Also the Bishop was requested to delay the ecclesiastical proceedings until after the Civil Courts could act in the case. But no! The Dear Bishop knew that the Civil Courts would ruin Dr. Holmes and Douglas. It was expedient that Cooper should be made a scapegoat. So it was decreed. Emory Church at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, was chosen as the place and March 9 and 10, 1909, the time for holding the appeal. Again did "the end justify the means."

A good-sized delegation from the Erie Annual Conference attended the appeal of the Cooper case held in the Emory Methodist Episcopal Church, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, March 9 and 10, 1909. As Dr. Elmer Elsworth Higley from the Erie Annual Conference was providentially present, Dr. R. S. Borland, counsel for the church, moved that Dr. Higley be made Secretary. This was objected to by Rev. S. F. Sanford, as Dr. Higley had twice served in this capacity, which Dr. Sanford thought was quite enough.

Rev. H. C. Woods of the Genesee Conference was chosen Secretary. One of the triers of appeal from the West Virginia Conference was absent. Rev. P. S. Merrill, whose two sons were pastors on Dr. Douglas's District (Newcastle, Pennsylvania), was excused. Thus thirteen triers acted on the case. Bishop Berry, as he presided, was completely overcome with the enormity of the crime of the appellant, although *all of the filthiness* was on the side of the church. Every lineament of the good Bishop's face depicted his horror, even while he continued writing as Dr. S. F. Sanford was summing up the case for the appellant. Finally, Bishop Berry's attitude was so disrespectful that Dr. Sanford stopped speaking in his remarks and sat down. When asked why he did not continue, he replied to the Bishop, "I am entitled to your whole attention, and will not continue until I have it." Throughout the entire pro-



Emory
Methodist Episcopal Church

PITTSBURGH, PA., WHERE THE JUDICIAL CONFERENCE WAS HELD.
March 9 and 10, 1909.

ceedings the Bishop tried to exasperate Dr. Sanford so that he would explode with temper. By common consent, Dr. Sanford won the appeal, but to save the other men, Erie Conference must be sustained. The outcome of the appeal was "the Judicial Conference confirms the findings of the Erie Annual Conference by a vote of nine to four." The West Virginia Conference voted unanimously to grant R. T. Cooper a new trial, which would have set him free. Again did "the end justify the means."

The following reasons were presented to the Judicial Conference as the basis for setting aside the verdict of the Erie Annual Conference:

PITTSBURGH, PA., *March 9, 1909.*

DEAR FATHERS AND BRETHREN:

The undersigned complain that a gross injustice has been committed in a preliminary investigation and Church trial within the bounds of the Erie Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America. The investigation was held at Newcastle, Pennsylvania, July 14, 1908, and the Church trial was held at Jamestown, New York, September 3, 1908. In the said trial and investigation Rufus T. Cooper, a minister and a member of the said Erie Conference was expelled from the ministry and membership of the said Methodist Episcopal Church without just cause. We therefore appeal to you for redress, and cite the following exceptions:

1. The preliminary investigation and the trial were not conducted with judicial fairness.

2. The abhorrent method of planning for a crime was resorted to in order to find evidence to expel a member from the Conference. The only evidence of any wrong that was furnished was by one of the conspirators; and as the evidence tends to convict himself, and not the defendant, and as the discipline of our Church makes no provision for such proceedings, all that evidence ought to be stricken out, and this would be a practical reversal of the judgment of the lower court and for this we pray.

3. Such evidence as was presented, allowing it to be valid, was not such as would conclusively convict. Therefore, the finding of the investigating Committee, and other select number does not accord with the testimony, and for that reason these findings are contrary to the facts and they ought to be reversed.

4. The history of this case, its preparation for trial, the method of securing evidence, the admission of irrelevant and unlawful testimony, the constitution of the investigating committee, and the conduct of the entire trial show that there was collusion and a unity of action that constitutes conspiracy. The findings of so corrupt a Court ought to be reversed.

5. There is shown such bias and animus against this defendant in the records of this trial as to fairly create the conviction that he was not accorded his just rights. The untrustworthy character of the records, their fragmentary and imperfect condition, the reluctance which was shown in providing the appellant with a certified copy, the fact that the Secretary of the Investigating Committee, and of the select number appeared

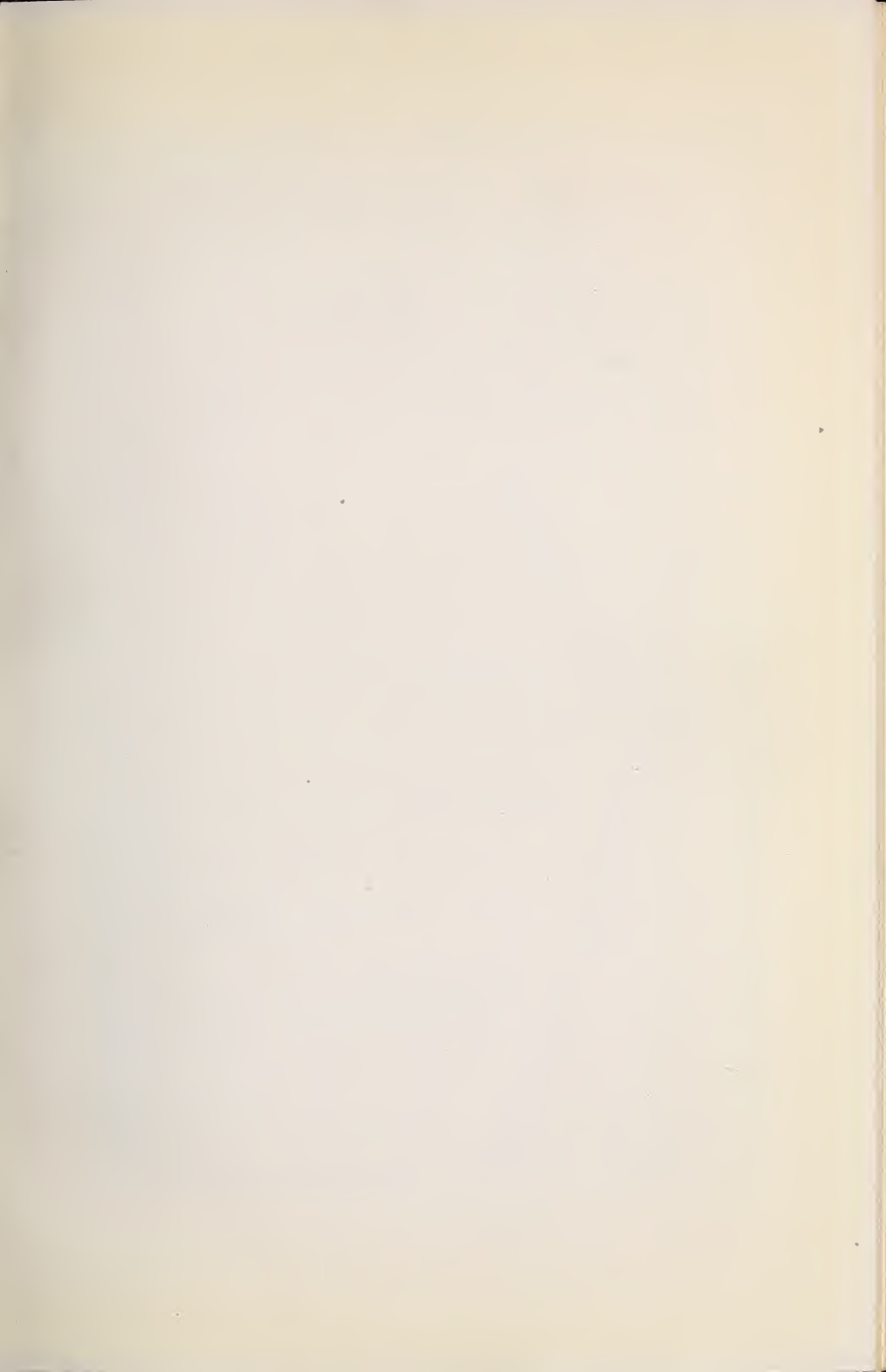
as a witness against the defendant, the further fact that the records fail to show that the defendant objected to two of the investigating committee for cause, and that the Chairman overruled his objections and these men did serve on this case, and one of their number, J. C. MacDonald, questioned the witnesses and showed bias in the trial, and the further fact that the Counsel for the Church answered questions which were put to witnesses when he was not giving testimony, and said answers were recorded as testimony, and as the verdict was rendered in the absence of the defendant and his Counsel contrary to an express agreement, and as the signatures of witnesses were not secured for many days after the verdict was rendered and without an agreement with the defendant or his counsel, and without their presence, and the further fact that the witnesses for the defense did not have an opportunity to sign their testimony and have not yet signed said testimony, and for other irregularities which appear in the records, we claim that this defendant was not fairly tried and ask for a reversal.

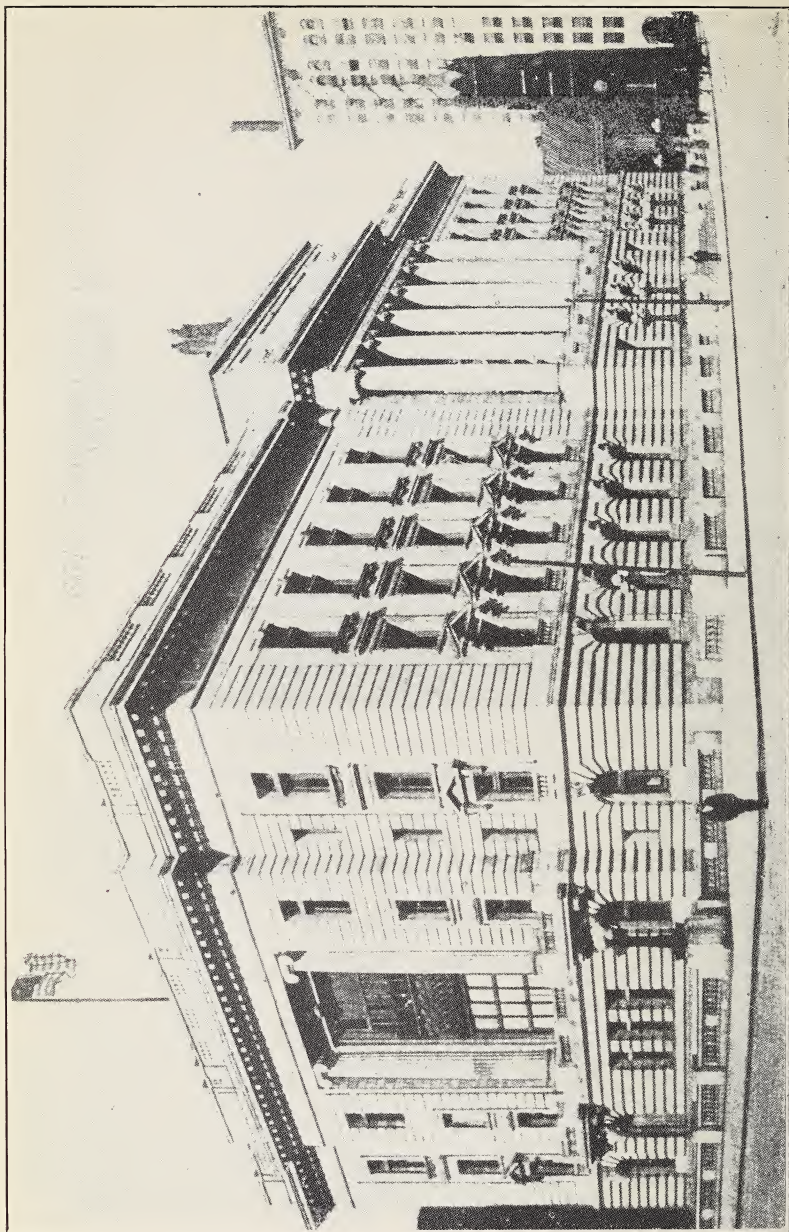
Because of the above exceptions and for others we ask for a reversal of the findings in the case specified above, and that Rufus T. Cooper be restored to his just rights as a minister and member of the Methodist Episcopal Church and we will ever pray.

Signed: RUFUS T. COOPER,
SAMUEL F. SANFORD, *Counsel.*

From March 9 and 10, 1909, to the meeting of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Minneapolis, Minnesota, May 1,

1912, was quite a long period of time to wait. A family of five persons *must be supported*. From some quarter an ever present enemy was active in poisoning the mind of each employer of the writer. At length the writer saw that he must inform his employers of the status of his case. His present employer has retained him for nearly four years, and the good work goes on. The civil trial at Youngstown, Ohio, came off June 28, 1909. Dr. Douglas, district superintendent of the Newcastle District, was finally persuaded to come over to Youngstown, Ohio, and to have papers served upon him late in April. When the day of the Civil Trial arrived nearly all of the Methodist Episcopal pastors of Youngstown, Ohio, District were present, to support with their sympathies and prayers their beloved District Superintendent, Dr. O. W. Holmes. After much challenging a jury of twelve members was chosen satisfactory to both sides. Dr. O. W. Holmes, Superintendent of the Youngstown District, was first called to the stand. For the benefit of my readers who have never been mixed up with Civil Court proceedings, let me say that after the Plaintiff in a damage suit files a statement of grievances, the defendants file a counter-bill. The writer was suing Drs. Holmes, Douglas and E. E. Miles for \$25,000 damages, on the ground that their proceedings against him had robbed him of his ministerial standing in the Methodist Episcopal Church. In his counter-reply Dr.





COURT HOUSE AT YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO.
Where civil trial began June 28, 1909.

O. W. Holmes had stated that for a long time he had heard these rumors against the character of R. T. Cooper.

After being duly sworn Dr. Holmes was asked, "Before these proceedings were instituted against R. T. Cooper had you ever heard anything against the Plaintiff?" Quickly Dr. Holmes responded, "I never did." In a very *brief time* a lawyer of the Plaintiff handed his counter petition to Dr. Holmes, and asked him if that was his signature. Dr. Holmes replied it was. "Did you lie *then*, or are you lying *now* in open court?" was the next question to Dr. Holmes from the Plaintiff's lawyer. "I never heard anything previously against R. T. Cooper," was Dr. Holmes's reply. For nearly two hours was Dr. Holmes grilled by the Plaintiff's *two* lawyers. The *four* lawyers of the Defendants were closeted with Judge Robinson who presided over the Court of Common Pleas, where the trial was being held all through the dinner hour. On the reassembling of the Court after dinner, R. T. Cooper took the stand. After a few questions had been asked, the proceedings of the Court were interrupted by a motion from a lawyer of the Defendants. "Inasmuch as R. T. Cooper is still a member and minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church by virtue of his appeal to the approaching General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, he is not entitled to the \$25,000 damages until after the Gen-

eral Conference has passed upon his case." Judge Robinson entertained the motion and permitted the Plaintiff's lawyers to withdraw a juror, and then dismissed the case "without record and without prejudice."

Never did the writer hear a man *lie* with as much sorrow as he did in the case of the late Dr. Holmes. It was the author's intention to have the Court summons in Bishops Berry and Hamilton, and a goodly number of the members of the Central New York and Erie Annual Conferences, including Reverends Jewell, Higley and Graham, and have them put under oath to tell the *truth*. The writer believes in "helping the Lord to carry out his work."

Dr. Holmes told that *lie* to save the credit of the great Methodist Episcopal Church. Again did "the end justify the means."

It seemed a long way off to the meeting of the General Conference in May 1, 1912. To support his family in view of the desperate situation in which he found himself was no small task for the writer. He was constantly invited to preach by his friends, but constantly refused to do so. He never preached from the day he was suspended at Newcastle, Pennsylvania, July 14, 1908, until the General Conference closed at Minneapolis, Minnesota, May 29, 1912. Since then he has availed himself of many invitations requesting him to preach and to give addresses. The writer has constantly

to be on his guard against the loss of the records relating to the ecclesiastical and civil proceedings in his case. *Even in the short* distance between Youngstown, Ohio, and Elmira, New York, the records "scanty enough" of the Judicial Conference held at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, March 9 and 10, 1909, were lost in transmission from the office of Attorney Brown to the residence of the Rev. S. F. Sanford. Bishop Berry's *name* as President was signed to these records, as was also Rev. H. C. Wood's *name* as Secretary.

The costs of the civil proceedings in Youngstown, Ohio, June 28, 1909, were so heavy on the purse of Dr. Douglas that the \$384 were first laid on the Erie Conference session of 1910 where by a roll-call of the Conference a *little more than half of the amount* was raised to reimburse Dr. Douglas in the Cooper case. Again in Kane, Pennsylvania, Bishop Burt presiding, another effort was made, both privately and publicly. Many refused to give. The writer heard Bishop Burt chiding the slow givers for their dilatory methods.

"Many of you are not giving anything," said the urbane Bishop. Finally after the roll-call of the Conference had been made, and the collection plates had been passed all over the church—all save \$10 was pledged, and Dr. Douglas was allowed to give that amount "out of his own pocket." Meanwhile Dr. O. W. Holmes, Superintendent of the Youngstown District, went to "his own place"

May 27, 1911, surrounded by the pastors of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Youngstown, Ohio. It is doubtful if the combined prayers of the Youngstown District were efficacious enough to pray his guilty soul through the purgatorial fires.

Plying his trade as a vender of good reference books, R. T. Cooper was present at the opening of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Wednesday, May 1, 1912. The writer was greatly surprised that the Judicial Conference records in his case had not been in the possession of the Committee on Judiciary. The Secretary of the Judiciary Committee *kept going to Dr. J. B. Hingeley*, the Secretary of the General Conference, but was always told that he, Hingeley, had not the records. By the advice of my counsel, Attorney George L. Peck, of the Wyoming Conference, and Dr. M. R. Webster, of the Genesee Conference, I telegraphed Rev. H. C. Woods of Albion, New York, Secretary of the Judicial Conference held at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, March 10, 1909, as to the whereabouts of these records. The following telegram from Dr. Woods will explain:

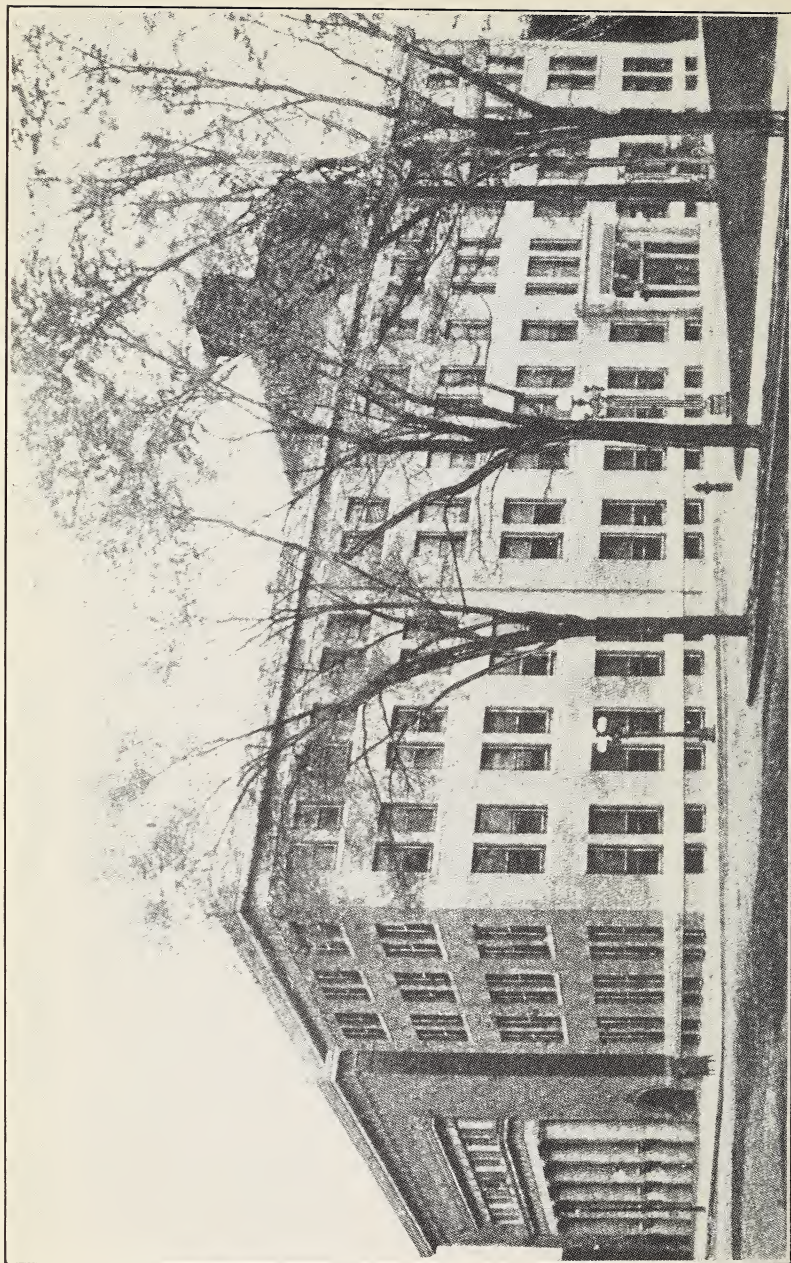
ALBION, NEW YORK.

May 19, 1912.

Sent the records to Hingeley who sent them back for correction. Records now in my possession.

H. C. WOODS.

Monday morning, May 20, 1912, on motion of Dr. M. R. Webster the General Conference de-



AUDITORIUM AT MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Where the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church was held during May, 1912.

mandated that the Secretary of the Judicial Conference send on these records *at once*. The records arrived Thursday, May 23, 1912. Dr. J. B. Hingeley at once offered to turn these records over to Dr. M. R. Webster who declined to receive them. "Give them to the proper authorities, the Committee on Judiciary," said this astute divine. All of a sudden those records disappeared from the table of Secretary Hingeley, and were not found again until Saturday evening, May 25, 1912, when the Cooper case was to be considered by the Committee on Judiciary. In an upper room in the Hotel Leamington at eleven p. m., Saturday, May 25, 1912, the entire Judiciary Committee were assembled "worn out with the excessive labors" of their department. The writer's counsel was given ten minutes to look over the records, which were unsigned; neither Bishop Berry's name as President, nor H. C. Woods's name as Secretary, were attached to these records. Again did "the end justify the means." On entering the room where the Judiciary Committee met we found present to represent the Erie Conference, the long curly haired sanctimonious faced man, J. C. MacDonald, who had been challenged at the preliminary investigation at Newcastle, Pennsylvania, July 14, 1908, and a lay delegate from Mercer, Pennsylvania, a lawyer by profession. In a sepulchral voice the Rev. J. C. MacDonald said, "The Erie Conference with the expulsion of R. T. Cooper from the

church and ministry will proceed no further.”
“Mirabile Dictu.”

Judge Ira E. Robinson of the Supreme Court of West Virginia had the Cooper case in hand, and clearly showed his bias and animus from the start. Possibly he was a relative of Judge George F. Robinson who presided over the Cooper case at Youngstown, Ohio, June 28, 1909. Dr. M. R. Webster made a clean-cut speech which would have won any fair-minded jury. But to save Bishop Berry and H. C. Woods, the Erie Conference and so forth, the verdict of the Erie Annual Conference was affirmed, and Cooper was deposed from the ministry and membership of the Methodist Episcopal Church on the charge of “grossly immoral conduct.” On Monday morning, May 27, 1912, the report of the Judiciary Committee in the case of R. T. Cooper was published in the *Daily Christian Advocate*. On Tuesday, a. m. May 28, 1912, Dean Henry Wade Rogers of Yale University, President of the Committee on Judiciary, in solemn tones pronounced the ecclesiastical death of R. T. Cooper. The great company gathered from all over the Methodist world arose and chanted the “high requiem Mass for the repose of his soul.” Thus again did “the end justify the means.”

But Cooper was not dead. He was only in a trance, as subsequent events will show. Before the General Conference adjourned *sine die* May

29, 1912, the writer made a formal demand on Secretary Hingeley for all of the telegrams that had passed between Hingeley and Secretary H. C. Woods of Albion, New York, who had the records of the Judicial Conference held at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, March 9 and 10, 1909. Very reluctantly were they surrendered, and the writer has good reasons to believe that the collusion between the police of Minneapolis and the delegates of the General Conference were suggested by Secretary J. B. Hingeley, who for several years was a resident of Minneapolis. Some pertinent questions can be raised at this point.

First: Why *did* Secretary Hingeley send back those records to Secretary Woods for correction?

Second: Why *didn't* Secretary Woods after making the corrections re-send them to Secretary Hingeley whose duty was to hand the records to the Judiciary Committee who could then first handed have dealt with Secretary Woods?

The best judges believe that Bishop Berry and Secretary Hingeley intended that those records should never reach the Judiciary Committee, as it was May 23, 1912, when the records finally arrived *unsigned*. Had the General Conference adjourned before the receipt of those records Cooper would have lost his case by default, as one General Conference cannot touch the work of another. All through the session of the General Conference the

writer had to guard every step he took. He felt that unfriendly eyes were ever watching him.

While pursuing his work as salesman, both among the attendants of the General Conference and the citizens of Minneapolis, the writer first met with a strange experience. On Saturday, May 11, 1912, as he was returning from a dinner given him by a man who had promised him a lucrative position with a friend, a city detective accosted him, and said, "You are wanted in the City of Chicago to answer to a serious crime." In spite of a protest of innocence the detective took him to the Central Police Station, searched his pockets, looked over his private papers and letters, and finding nothing of an incriminating nature let the writer go, wishing him success in the sale of his book. The writer at once reported this matter to a prominent lawyer who was a delegate to the General Conference from the State of New York.

Both the writer and this delegate thought that this act of the detective was prompted by delegates from the Erie Conference, because the detective said as he dismissed the writer, "You are regarded as a suspect, so be careful what you do." All through the General Conference the delegates of the Erie Conference were tampering with the Committee on Judiciary, as a member of the Committee so informed the writer. These proceedings would not have been permitted in a *legal* case.

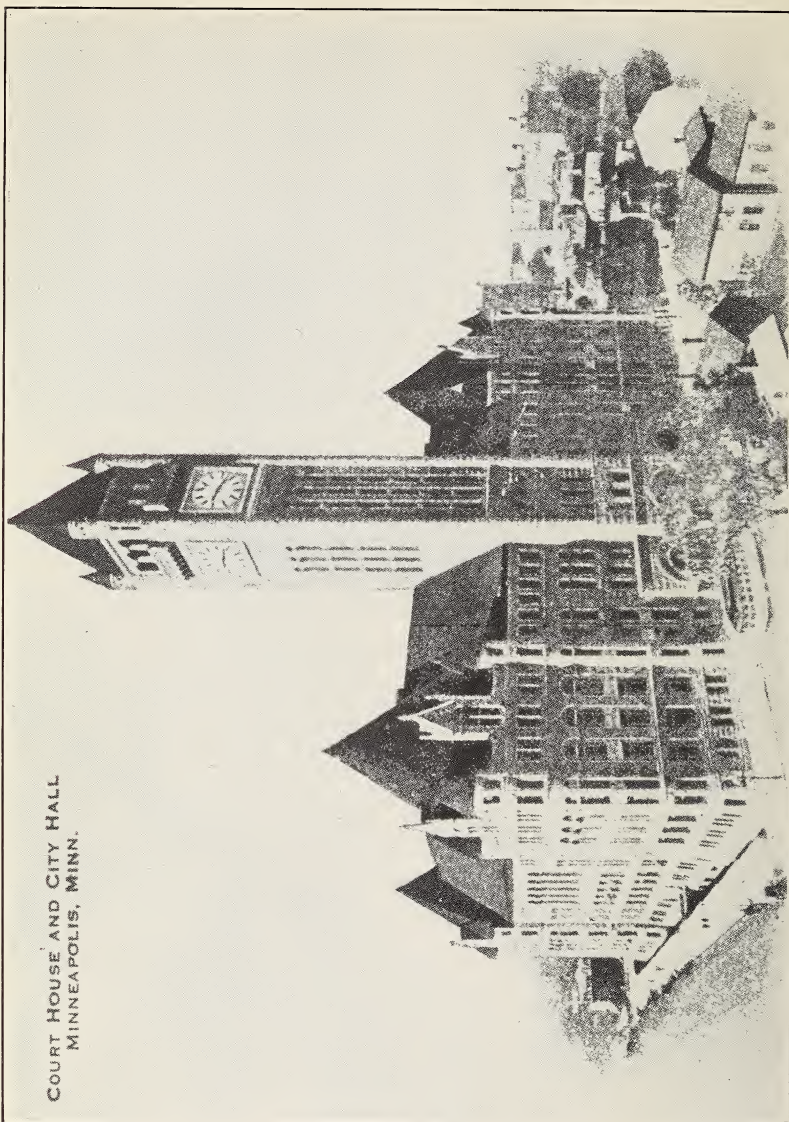
Elmer Elsworth Higley, D.D., from his new parish at Denver, Colorado, was "on the job" all through the General Conference. He dropped his eyes and slunked away as the writer met him face to face one day.

The second strange experience happened to the writer as he entered his room on Hawthorne Avenue, Monday evening, May 20, 1912. Pinned over his mirror was a paper which read as follows: Mr. Cooper, we know who you are, and what you are. Unless you vacate your room at once we will hand you over to the police. Signed—Landlord. As the week's rent expired the next day the writer remained over-night, and sought new quarters on Tuesday, May 21. The writer had planned to leave Minneapolis for his home in Springfield, Massachusetts, Friday evening, May 31. He spent May 30 finishing up his work of canvassing. The last person to whom the writer sold a book ("New Century Book of Facts") was Bishop Neely as he was about to take a train to the East. Whatever opinion some may entertain of this good man, the writer knows that during the past quadrennium no man on the Board of Bishops has been more effective and acceptable than Bishop T. B. Neely.

Leaving the Bishop at the railroad station the writer went at once to Hotel Hastings on Hawthorne Avenue to bid good-bye to his counsel, Dr. M. R. Webster, who was not in. Intending to re-

turn to the hotel the writer meanwhile took a walk, and was accosted by a stranger who engaged him in conversation until a policeman, Whitcomb by name, came along. At a signal from the stranger the policeman said, "For whom are you waiting at the corner of this street?" (Harmon Place). The writer said, "If the officer would go with him to Hotel Hastings he would prove to him that he was waiting to see Dr. Webster." "I have trailed you from that hotel," said the officer, "and I decline to go to the hotel." He further said, "for two days I have been searching for you, and you may count yourself lucky for not falling into my hands before. Now you must go to the police station." On the way to ring up the patrol wagon the policeman forced the writer to show his money, and gave him ample time to bribe the officer. On his arrival at the police station the writer demanded to know on what charge he had been arrested. "You are held," was the reply. Three times during the evening the writer demanded the charge; every time he was told, "You are held." The writer was refused the use of the telephone and not until 7.30 a.m. the next day did he have access to the telephone, which was even then taken from him while he was talking to Rev. Dr. Webster, his counsel. Not until he was brought before Judge Leary did he know the charge. "You are accused of disorderly conduct.

COURT HOUSE AND CITY HALL
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.



THE SPOT WHERE R. T. COOPER WAS SENTENCED TO THE MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., WORKHOUSE.
May 31, 1912.

What have you to say?" "Not guilty," said the writer. The accuser, who gave his name as Leonard Holland, and Officer Whitcomb were the only witnesses against him. Holland admitted on the stand that he had twice lied to the writer, but his testimony convicted Cooper of disorderly conduct, for which he received ninety days in the Minneapolis Workhouse.

As the writer had been without counsel he asked the Judge if he had the right of appeal and the Judge said, "Yes." The writer then asked for an appeal and a chance to secure counsel. Before his friends could reach him Cooper was forced into the "black maria" and carried to the workhouse, Friday, May 31, 1912. As the writer afterwards learned, an Eastern friend with a lawyer appeared at Court just after Cooper had been taken away, but was told that Cooper was on the way to the workhouse. The Court lawyer said, "Let Cooper alone, as he has been here before and is evidently a bad man." Judge Leary, with other prominent Roman Catholics, was very much incensed at the proceedings in the late General Conference, especially as they dealt with Romanism, hence *he got back* at the Methodists by his action in the writer's case.

The following extract from the *Evening Tribune* of Minneapolis, Friday evening, May 31, 1912, will throw *some light* on the case. Undoubt-

edly Secretary Hingeley could throw on *more light*:

FORMER PASTOR SENTENCED

*Methodist Conference Visitor Gets Ninety-Day
Workhouse Term for Statutory Offense*

R. T. Cooper, formerly pastor of a Methodist Church in Lyons, New York, who came to Minneapolis with several delegates to the Methodist General Conference for the purpose of selling literature, was convicted of a statutory offense in municipal court and sentenced by Judge Leary to ninety days in the workhouse. He was arrested at Twelfth Street and Harmon Place by Patrolman Whitcomb.

He has a wife and three children in Springfield, Massachusetts. He left Springfield for Minneapolis April 27. Clergymen attending the Conference told the police that Cooper had formerly had an excellent reputation. They said that he got into trouble a few years ago for a similar offense in Indiana. A delegate said that he was not prosecuted at that time because it was believed that the charges against him were brought through spite work. He said that after Cooper left the State the charges against him were found to be true.

Cooper is forty-five years old. He is well educated and at one time was prominent in Methodist church circles in the East. He held pastorates in several cities in New York, Massachusetts and Indiana.

He asked for a stay of sentence and said that he would secure the services of an attorney and appeal the case. He accused the police of mistreat-

ing him. He said that when the patrolman arrested him he asked him to show him how much money he had. He said that he was sure that the patrolman would have released him if he had given him money. Judge Leary said he would decide later whether he would grant a stay.

LIFE IN THE WORKHOUSE

Six miles north of the city of Minneapolis on a tract of eighty acres stands the City Workhouse. One part of the edifice is fitted up in a modern way, with cells of convenient design, the other part of very poor accommodations. Owing to the fact that May 30 (Memorial Day) was a *legal* holiday, an unusual number of guests rode in the "black maria" on May 31, in fact the "stage" was so crowded that while twelve persons could comfortably find accommodations, twenty on this auspicious occasion found passage in the time-worn equipage. It was a jolty road over which we traveled, and the journey was enlivened by the conversation of some of the passengers who had previously visited that historic spot, indulging in the fond wish that their lot and fortune might be cast in the *new part* of the prison. The writer was so dazed at the sudden turn of the wheel of fortune in his prospects that he had hardly given thought as to where his ninety days' sojourn in "Hotel de Minneapolis" was to be passed, The long, fatiguing ride came to an end. One by one the guests were weighed, given a bath (a very necessary

ordeal for many) and then all were ushered in to dinner. In the long annals of the institution a case of dyspepsia was never known, unless the germs were brought in by some unlucky sojourner. Delmonico would hardly have patterned his Menu Cards after the Bill of Fare served on the dinner tables that day. Well do I recall that spread of Friday, May 31, 1912.

A large plate of stewed beans stood waiting on the table for each guest—plenty of bread minus butter, and a large pewter cup of coffee (?) devoid of either sugar or milk supplemented the meal. Knowing that a stay of ninety days awaited me, in the spirit of a Christian Scientist I made myself believe that the repast before me was a good one, accordingly “I fell to the hearty meal.” The balance of the day was given to rest and meditation, and to my joy I was accorded Cell 241 in the *new part*.

Saturday morning, June 1, after breakfast we were all apportioned our work for the day. The number of male prisoners was about two hundred, and they were divided up among the Farmers, Tailor Shop, Boiler Room, Barn, Cell Cleaners, Kitchen and Floor Scrubbers. In the last class the writer was read out. To make the inmates feel their degraded lot, only pristine methods in scrubbing were employed. In receiving my “underwear” two sizes too small had been given me. At that time my weight was 204 pounds avoirdupois.

I soon found in a cramped position that comfort was a secondary consideration. Saturday, June 1, 1912, proved the longest day I had ever experienced. The dining room where the prisoners ate must first be scrubbed *twice over and mopped, and mopped dry with cloths*, next all hallways must be gone over. "Tom," a raven haired guard, raw-boned and more than six feet in stature, bossed the scrubbing. At that time Tom had conceived a special hatred for the writer. Every move I made he sharply criticized, nothing I did seemed to please him. Finally I became so nervous that I kicked over a pail of scalding hot water on the legs and feet of two nearby prisoners, and some of the scalding water even reached Tom's feet and legs. The scene which followed can be better imagined than described. Tom was an ardent Roman Catholic, but was not a member of the Holy Name Society. Oaths, curses, threats followed in rapid succession.

I was called everything but good. My undergarments had become so disarranged by this time that I could scarcely move forward or backward. The day finally closed, and on disrobing I found both my knees were wholly devoid of skin.

Sunday, June 2, 1912, was a day of rest. The Roman Catholics held the mornings' services, and the Gospel Workers those of the afternoon beginning with a praise service. To keep the prisoners from nervous breakdowns due to attending too

many services on the Lord's Day, the Christian Scientists took Tuesday evening as their time for devotions. Like other prisoners to get out of my cell I was glad to attend *all* religious services held in the prison. Such a conglomeration of inmates my eyes had never rested upon! Such a sight! Their foul language was indescribable. The Sanctified Methodist would never have ascribed the "language of Canaan" to these degraded creatures. When Christ descended into hell to preach to the spirits in prison he never found a more unlikely class of men than were gathered in the Minneapolis Workhouse at this particular time. It was a time of unrest and fault-finding with the inmates. The whole prison, through the reports of those who came in the "black maria" with me, resounded with my troubles. Copies of the *Minneapolis Evening Tribune* of May 31 had been smuggled into the workhouse. One friendly prisoner gave me the clipping which put me wise to the work of the jesuitical delegates to the General Conference. Their jesuitical work was not done in a corner. They intended to so blacken the character of the writer that he could never resume his trial in Youngstown, Ohio.

A change of occupation in the workhouse was to be mine. Monday morning, June 3, 1912, I was read off to work in the kitchen, a veritable godsend from the laborious scrubbing of floors. I think "Tom" was the cause of making the change, as he

was overheard saying to the head overseer "that he would suffer a nervous breakdown if the writer was left on his hands much longer." The chef of the kitchen had formerly studied to be a Roman Catholic priest and was a man of fine intellect. At first he, too, took a strong dislike to the writer as he said time and time again, "I hate the Methodists the most of all people." As the days wore along the chef and I became the best of friends. My work at this time in the kitchen was to make the tea and coffee in the great cylindrical boiler. For the benefit of any who must be economical I will describe the operation. Usually for two hundred prisoners one pound and a half of a concoction, which to this day I could not analyze, compounded of beans, peas, corn, rice, wheat, the cheapest kind of coffee beans (I speak reverently—God only knows what else) was placed in a bag, and after the cylindrical copper boiler was filled with hot water from a pipe connecting, this bag was placed inside of the boiler hanging down into the hot water. Then this delectable compound in the bag was allowed to boil. If perchance a larger number of guests arrived in the "black maria" than was expected more hot water was turned into the boiler. All coffee left over after the last guest had been served was drawn off and saved for the next meal. The only virtue the writer could see in this drink was that it was al-

ways served hot; its color being a dark brownish fluid little resembling the real coffee.

As one of the duties of the writer was to serve with meals all newly arrived guests, he could readily tell which of the three police Judges had sentenced the company. If a small number came, Judge Leary was surely the Judge, as he was regarded as the most merciful of the Judges; if large numbers came the credit of their arrival was ascribed to the other two Judges. It is generally known in the workhouse that the question of demand and supply was regarded by the police Judges in sentencing helpers to the workhouse. With the rest of the inmates the writer seemed pleased to have the "black maria" bring a large delegation to the workhouse as it materially lessened the labors of those already confined, and illustrated the proverb "Misery loves company." By this time I had won the friendship of all the guards. Many an orange and a helping from the "Officers' table" came into my possession. The chef on the sly gave me pie, cake and many a dainty sandwich. Truly the lines were falling to me in pleasant places. Almost every day I kept hearing that I could go out "on probation." This term probation, so familiar to Methodists' ears, had quite a different meaning in workhouse language. It meant that a letter expressing sorrow for past sins, especially the one which resulted in the petitioner getting into the workhouse, should

be sent to the probation officer. If the tenor of the letter pleased the Court, a free ride in the "black maria" was granted to the prisoner from the workhouse to the City Hall. Papers must be signed in the presence of the three police court Judges. If agreeable to the Judges either a fine of money could be paid, or a promise given never to return to the State would be accepted.

As I had sent eighty dollars to my family and had kept back only enough funds to secure my return East, the payment of a fine was out of the question. The writer decided to remain in the workhouse the ninety days, which was the *full limit* which a Judge could sentence for a petty offense. Not until July 5, 1912, did the writer get an audience with a friend, and through this medium a lawyer appeared July 11, 1912. This attorney said that on investigation the name of Leonard Holland could not be found in the Minneapolis Directory. It will be recalled that this Holland and Officer Whitcomb were the parties who appeared in Court against the writer May 31, 1912. This lawyer was anxious that a retainer's fee be given him, but the writer had frequently heard in the prison the relating of experiences to the effect that after the fee had been paid the prisoner was left to his fate. The writer refused the fee and the lawyer never visited the writer again. The summer season had closed the Higher Courts, and the only way for the writer to gain his liberty was to

go out "on probation," which meant a confession of guilt. Cooper remained in the workhouse the full ninety days.

Meanwhile another change of occupation awaited the writer. One morning early a guard came to his cell and said, "You are to work in the kitchen no longer. You are going out this morning with the gardeners." The chef in the kitchen was very sorry this change was made, and often left his work to come out and have a chat with me, as I picked cucumbers, beans, peas or gathered the ears of sweet corn.

The change was beneficial to me and one day "Tom," who had formerly been my bitter enemy, came along as I was topping beets, and taking out his knife, he also topped beets to help me. I was even more surprised when he said, "I never know how to treat a good man right, I am so used to dealing with crooks." Tom even asked my advice about life insurance, and after several talks with me he actually went to a Metropolitan Life Insurance agent and took out a twenty-year life policy. To this day I have never received a commission from that company. Since my retirement from the active ministry I have been an agent for the New York Life Insurance Company, and so could advise Tom, who ever afterward was my warm friend.

Lawyers frequently visited the workhouse to rescue those illegally imprisoned. Late in June a

school teacher on a visit to Minneapolis, on a trumped-up charge, was brought in. After a hard legal fight he was released. The writer overheard from time to time conversation which convinced him that not always were prisoners legally convicted. Thursday morning, August 29, 1912, was a memorable day in the calendar of R. T. Cooper's life. Early in the morning he was granted his liberty with a diploma certifying that he was graduated from the "Institution" *cum summa laude* in cooking and gardening. Before taking his final leave a breakfast of pork-loin steak, potatoes, griddle cakes and coffee was given him. All the kitchen help bade him a cordial good-bye and the sympathetic chef followed him even to the street door. Here stood the Superintendent of the workhouse who said, "I wish I could reduce my weight as you have done." The writer weighed 204 pounds on entering the workhouse, 170 pounds when he left, thus losing 34 pounds in 90 days. His familiar friends in the East hardly recognized him when they saw him.

With the breath of freedom enthusing him, the writer went first to call on the lawyer who visited him at the workhouse July 11, 1912. For political reasons this attorney did not wish to touch this case, then the author went to the County District Attorney, who, while he deplored the situation, said, "It would take a long time to get justice in the Courts, and as the entire sentence had been ex-

ecuted, it would be better to bear the results than to strive for justice." As his funds were about exhausted Cooper went back to his home in Springfield, Massachusetts, in a quandary as to which was the more decayed, the Police Court of Minneapolis, or the Highest Ecclesiastical Court of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Although hedged about by so many untoward circumstances the writer has never lost faith in God, nor in His power to deliver His children out of all trouble.

Now comes the tug of war to support his family. The book firm for which he had been working for the past year believed his story. To this day the writer is working for this same firm. Released from the Minneapolis Workhouse, August 29, 1912, Cooper began his work of selling books, September 7, 1912, at Kane, Pennsylvania, a few days before the session of the Erie Annual Conference. The leading citizens of the town, and the pastor of the entertaining church where the session of the Conference was held, quickly purchased the fine Reference Volume. The editor of the town paper was made acquainted with Cooper's experiences and was true to his *word* in holding to the position that both sides should have a hearing in the Cooper case. The Erie Annual Conference evidently did not desire a discussion. If the Conference could have evaded the question no report

would have been made. The case would have gone by default.

Securing the services of the late Rev. J. N. Fradenburgh, D.D., Cooper insisted that the whole matter of the General Conference Report in the case should be published in the ensuing Erie Conference Minutes. In *executive session* it was voted to make an abridged report. Again did "the end justify the means." By stationing himself before the dining room door of the hotel which entertained Bishop William Burt, Cooper managed on Monday morning, September 16, 1912, the last day of the session of the Erie Conference to press a note into the Bishop's hands as he passed into breakfast. To the credit of the Bishop the case was reopened in the business session and the whole report was published in the Erie Annual Conference Minutes.

In journeying over the country the writer who has already visited thirty-three States of the Union, and has both seen and heard of so many jesuitical intrigues on the part of some of our chief pastors, that he feels compelled in the following pages to relate the facts. Before proceeding further it may be well to state the number of clerical orders recognized in the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church. All of the Methodist Episcopal Seminaries teach that there are two orders only, Deacons and Elders. *διάκονος*—*πρεσβύτερος*, *ἐπίσκοπος* and the latter term and

are used interchangeably throughout the Holy Scriptures. There has been a gradual growth in *practice* among Episcopal Methodists if not in theory, surely in practice, to make three orders, Deacons, Elders and Bishops. Every pastoral office save Bishop is appointive, the latter is elective.

However, the General Conference reserves the right of submitting the report of each Bishop at each General Conference, designating which of the Bishops shall be effective, and which shall be retired. This report is acted upon by the vote of the entire General Conference, and seldom if ever does the vote of the General Conference go against the recommendation of the Committee on Episcopacy. On retirement, however, a Bishop receives half pay, and can do all the work of an effective Bishop, save that of "fixing" the appointments. Rev. J. M. Buckley, D. D., than whom there is no more level-headed man in Methodism, said at the late General Conference at Minneapolis when much lachrymose sentiment was being expressed over the retirement of three Bishops, "We are wasting much unnecessary feeling. I have seen all of these Bishops sit in an Annual Conference when preachers are about to be retired against their will, to go, many of them, to a mere pittance, use their influence to force these preachers to retire. These same Bishops who on retirement receive half pay, now feel afflicted because the General Conference insists on their retirement. Let us now consider

“ALL YE WHO HAVE TEARS TO SHED, SHED
THEM NOW.”



POPE JOSEPH THE I.

Our Canadian Methodist Pope. "I am infallible in judgment and often set aside our book of discipline because of my superior judgment."

the church's interest, and not these Bishops." If we Methodists recognize two orders only in our ministry why not let retired Bishops go back to the respective Conference which elevated them to the office of Bishop and let them draw pro rata according to the number of years of service out of the Conference Claimants' Fund, as do their humbler brethren? For in Episcopal Methodism the Bishopric is an *office* and not an *order*. This is the only logical outcome of the whole situation, as General Conference Secretaries, Book Concern Agents, Editors and so forth, *all* have to do this. Why make in practice three orders in our ministry? The last General Conference did a wise thing when it districted the Bishops who have worked hard and done more effective work during the past quadrennium than ever before.

Besides, it would make the humbler pastors in our beloved church more contented. Then the Bishops in very truth would be a *primus inter pares* when compared with his humbler ministerial brethren. Let us note some of the jesuitical tendencies of some of our Chief Pastors. As Bishop Joseph F. Berry is the chief offender we will give his case a whole chapter of special mention.

In 1857 this remarkable personage was born in a little village in Canada, not far from Toronto, of poor but honest parents. Friends who have known

the elder Berry say he was a pastor in the Wesleyan Church of Canada, a hard worker, full of ambition, but unlike his talented son, Joseph, was unable to push himself to the front. This good man went to his reward some years ago, leaving his wife, now in her ninety-first year, to the care of her gifted son, Bishop Joseph F. Berry, D.D., LL. D., who illustrates the proverb, "While some men were born great, others have greatness thrust upon them." This much-talked-of man in his boyhood days attended school in Canada, attending the district and presumably the High School. What Colleges bestowed upon him the degrees of D.D. and LL. D., we have never been able to find out. We know, however, that he labored early and late over the *Michigan Christian Advocate*, and succeeding on that paper was elected to the editorship of the *Epworth Herald*, which made him a Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church at the General Conference at Los Angeles, California, in May, 1904. On hearing of the election of Bishop Berry a brilliant editor in *American Methodism* was heard to exclaim, "Now the humblest preacher in Methodism can take courage." The writer can say so many things of this wonderful man which if indulged in would cause the space allotted to describe his career to fall far short. The author will limit his remarks on this talented personage to four particulars:

- First: As a Preacher.
- Second: As a Church Dedicator.
- Third: As an Episcopal Editor.
- Fourth: As the President of a Conference.

Before hearing this eloquent Bishop for ourselves we had heard much of his sermons perhaps from some who could not appreciate a deep, heart-searching philosophical discourse. At any rate few of those who talked with the author felt that the good Bishop preached with the "Holy Ghost sent down from Heaven." The writer first heard Bishop Berry preach at the New York Conference session in April, 1907. Well do we recall the first words of his text, "Oh, that I might find him." In the sweet spirit of His Master the sermon proceeded. The Bishop grew dramatic, his eloquent periods fairly poured out upon his hearers, some of whom wept, and Bishop Berry wept with them. The writer kept saying to himself, "What fault can a critic find with this splendid sermon?" Truly it was a melting time. As the Bishop related the story of his own conversion, described how he had led his chums to Christ, truly we said "Andrew" has been discounted. Again we heard that same sermon before the Central New York Conference in October 1907. Unconsciously the writer became so imbued with it, and while he took no notes he believes he could reproduce it. Still again one week later the author heard in Buffalo,

New York, before the Genesee Conference the same sermon. Now we know we can preach that sermon *verbatim et literatim et punctuatim*. In the bounds of the Detroit Conference in May, 1913, the writer fell in with a pastor who knows intimately our Bishop Berry. While still editor of the *Epworth Herald*, Joseph F. Berry had become imbued with the idea that God had called him to the work of the Bishopric. This intimate friend said, "Joe, you cannot preach." "I can try," was the laconic response. Truly he has tried. On the theory that "practice makes perfect," as we have previously indicated, he repeats his sermons.

When relating my experiences in hearing Bishop Berry three times preach to a Newark Conference man, he replied, "Brother Cooper, my experience with Bishop Berry has been different from yours. I, too, have heard him preach three times, while he preached from three different texts he always preached the same sermon."

In the Pittsburgh Conference quite recently the writer heard an even more remarkable story of Bishop Joseph F. Berry's ability as a preacher. A leading divine of the Pittsburgh Conference was on one occasion nearly electrified by hearing one of his most eloquent sermons preached nearly word for word by the ingenuous Bishop Berry. On talking with the Bishop at the conclusion of the services, with the utmost sang-froid the Bishop

said in reply to the question, "Where did you get my sermon?" "I heard you preach it some time ago; as I liked it I have reproduced it, and I have preached it better than you did." The astonished divine left the Bishop's presence speechless, wondering what manner of man this Bishop was. Among the preachers of the Pittsburgh Conference, Bishop Berry is a seven days wonder unto this day.

Another circumstance about this remarkable personage which we will do well to note is his habit of indulging in monologues. While many of the more charitably disposed think that he is a *paranoia*, this good Bishop actually believes that in judgment he is unerring, in motive pure in heart, and in action is devoid of all partisan feeling. Before the close of the present quadrennium he will probably indulge in the following monologue:

How are they increased that hate my soul to destroy it? On every side I hear of disquieting rumors on the part of those who would retire me from the activities of the Church. After all the good I have accomplished for the upbuilding of the great Methodist Episcopal Church these carping critics would put an end to my ecclesiastical career. I am a born ruler, I know how to manage and mix with men. The same day I can attend a camp meeting, preach holiness to the delight of the Sanctified Saints, and go from this charmed circle

to a company of stockbrokers and speculators, and talk with profit of the possible changes in the money market. If ever I am retired from the active work of the Bishopric I have a *fat pile* to fall back upon. No! The next General Conference shall not retire me. After May, 1916, I will then be Senior Effective Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. While some think that I look like an old man I beg to say I am still filled with a large reserve force of vitality. Was I not born in 1857 and humanly speaking will I not reign three and possibly four quadrenniums over our Holy Church? As the rule now stands a Bishop may retire at seventy, but must retire at seventy-three. No, I will not retire, because even those who do not appreciate my sterling qualities affirm that "Joe Berry" can crawl out of the smallest hole, of any man in Methodism. However, to defend myself, I must carry a larger number of affidavits to the next General Conference than ever. Editor Eckman is hot after me, and others will rise up to rehearse their grievances. Three knotty cases in my former district at Buffalo, New York, will be rehashed, as Dryer, Howard and Cooper have not yet learned that the will of a Bishop in our beloved Methodism is supreme.

To the glory of our great church let it be said that up to date *no Bishop* has ever been put on trial. Every Methodist pastor has his *price*. For a good appointment many would even sell their

very souls. I flatter, bribe, cajole and threaten, just as the occasion demands. I will have some difficulties to face at Saratoga Springs, New York, May 1, 1916; but with some very troublesome questions on my hands at the last General Conference only two adverse votes were cast against me in the Committee on Episcopacy. Yes, I will pull through for I am regarded as a pious, a great-souled, a warm-hearted man. When the time for action in my case comes my name will not go before the General Conference to be voted upon. I will be the Head of the Board of Bishops until at least 1928, and possibly 1932.

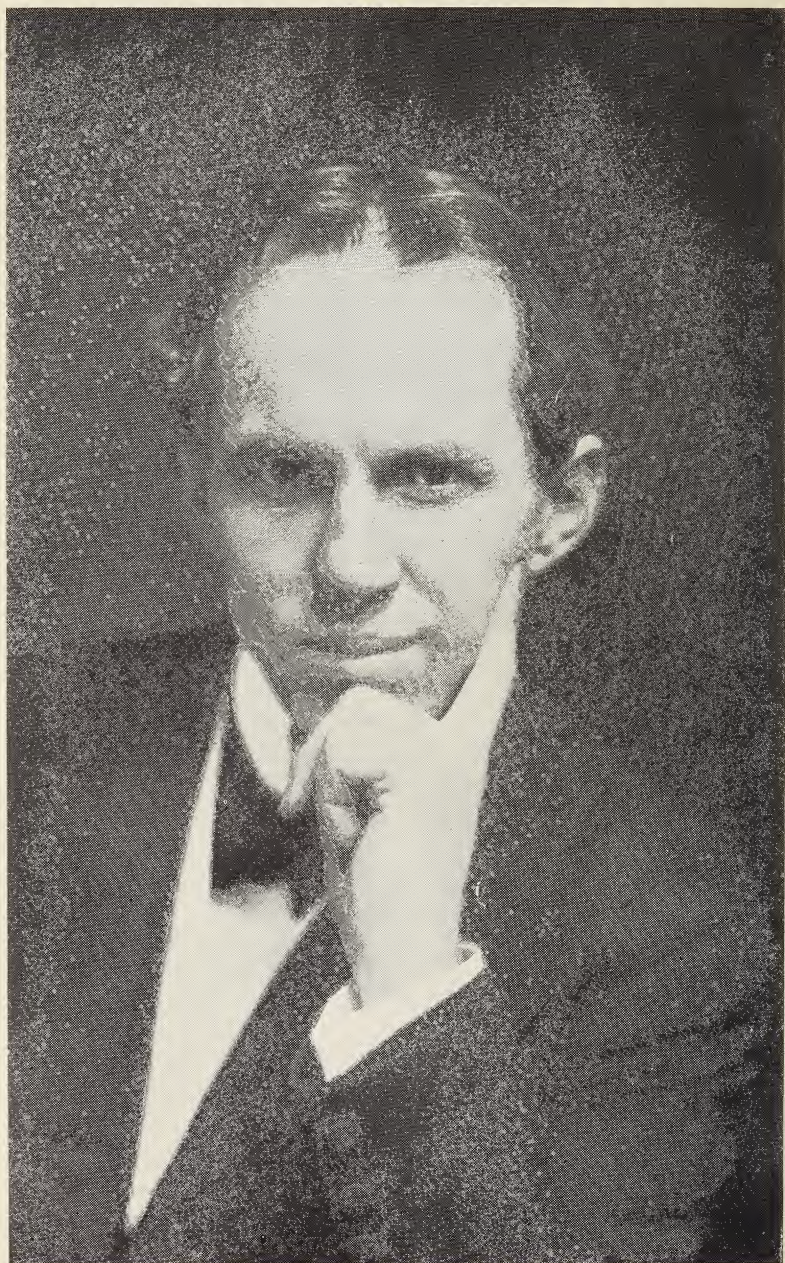
Exhausted by the length of this monologue, Bishop Berry knelt down by his couch, repeated the Golden Rule, and after saying his prayers lay down to pleasant dreams.

Of this great Bishop it can truly be said that like the account of our divine Lord as recorded in the closing chapter of the Gospel according to St. John, "And there are also many things which Jesus did, the which, if they should be written every one I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written." However, in this respect only does Bishop Berry resemble our dear Lord. It can be remarked at this time that Bishop Berry goes up and down among the churches with his mouth wide open continually saying things wise and otherwise, generally the latter.

ELMER ELSWORTH HIGLEY

AUTHOR OF GIT, GRIT AND GUMPTION

Methodism, like the ancient fisherman's net, is enclosed with a great catch of fishes, and as the ancient net had in great numbers the good, bad and indifferent, so it is with the net of our beloved Methodism. Long before I personally knew Dr. Elmer Elsworth Higley, I learned to love and admire him. From the rocky fastnesses of Hillsville, Pennsylvania, I read in the daily papers of Newcastle, Pennsylvania, the constant deeds of valor of this distinguished man's life. Ever active, always progressive, he kept on the watch to promote his own interests. In school affairs he was ever in demand, as repeatedly it was published that for the third consecutive time Dr. Higley had been requested to preach before the graduating class of the Newcastle High School. With many people the ever present name of a person in the daily press is a sure index of that personage's popularity in the public eye. So it was with Dr. Higley. He thoroughly believed in the use of printer's ink. He was the best and most persistently advertised man in Newcastle, Pennsylvania, yea, in all the Erie Annual Conference. To visit with him was an inspiration. A classmate of his at Drew, now a member of the Central New York Conference, kept him informed of the virtues of



REV. E. E. HIGLEY, AUTHOR OF "GIT, GRIT AND GUMPTION."
Who suppressed the records in the trial of R. T. Cooper at the Erie Conference in September, 1908.

the writer. I have often wondered after a visit with Dr. Higley how he came to know so intimately of my pastoral record in the Central New York Conference.

The great glory of Methodism is her *connec-tional spirit*. Work done in one Conference counts in universal Methodism.

Dr. Glenn A. Baldwin had been my predecessor in Sodus Point, New York. On leaving the charge he had carried off the Methodist Hymn Book moneys. As it was the new pastor's duty, both to deliver the Hymn Books and to settle with Eaton and Mains, naturally he would be interested in what Dr. Baldwin had done with those funds. Correspondence revealed that Dr. Baldwin had departed from his usual business custom of sending a check or post-office order, and in this special instance had carelessly sent a bank bill. That particular letter never reached the writer, although Dr. Baldwin claimed that he had sent it in the same mail with letters to other Sodus Point parties, all of whom, save the writer, had received their letters. Dr. Baldwin thought it very *strange* that Cooper had failed to receive his letter. As the Dead Letter Department of the United States Post-Office never forwarded to Dr. Baldwin that letter, and as the lynx-eyed postmistress at Sodus Point, New York, who was very much interested in Dr. Baldwin, who at that time was an unmarried gentleman, claims that Dr. Baldwin's letter to the

writer was not received at the Sodus Point Post-Office, it goes without saying that from that episode "strained relations" existed between Dr. Baldwin and the writer, especially as the writer paid for the Hymn Books. Consequently our readers will not have to draw on their imaginations to guess the purport of Dr. Baldwin's statement to Dr. Higley concerning the writer.

Whatever faults Dr. Higley may have, his genial, sympathetic nature always makes him a host of friends. In the sick room his presence is both inspiring and cheering.

He gave freely of his time to the writer at the hospital in Newcastle, Pennsylvania, and while with others he gave the writer up to die, on my very gradual recovery he was kindness itself. Both he and Dr. Douglas knew how near the gates of death I had come, and yet both of these men moved heaven and earth to destroy me body and soul. Dr. Douglas even wrote a paragraph in his District report to the ensuing Annual Conference of the *critical illness* of R. T. Cooper. "The ways of Providence are past finding out." With the following incident concerning Rev. Dr. Elmer Elsworth Higley, I will close my report of his brilliant career, as it has come under the eye of the writer.

In April, May and June, 1913, the writer made an itinerary of fifty of the largest cities of Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa and Illinois

in the interests of a New York publishing house. While in one of those states a prominent Methodist divine showed me the correspondence which had passed between himself and Dr. Higley, who at that time was pastor of Grace Church, Denver, Colorado. Dr. Higley had left the First Church, Newcastle, Pennsylvania, because one of his children needed the bracing air of Colorado. Owing to the recovery of the child, his wife, who is a very excellent woman, now wanted to get nearer her Eastern friends. In fact, Dr. Higley said she was fairly pining for them. In the spirit of true self-abnegation Dr. Higley was willing, yea, even anxious to give up his beautiful parish in Colorado in exchange with this divine, for reasons already stated.

After prayerful consideration this divine felt that his work in his present charge had not been completed, and hence he decided to remain. As Dr. Higley personally felt the same about his Denver Church, and said he could bask forever in the bracing air of Colorado, both divines remained in their respective charges. Three months later, Dr. Elmer Elsworth Higley was pastor of Grace Church, Des Moines, Iowa, said to be both the largest and wealthiest Methodist Episcopal Church in that State.

THE PERSONNEL OF THE ERIE ANNUAL CONFERENCE.

Let us now glance for a brief period at the geography of the Erie Conference. In disciplinary language, Erie Conference shall be bounded on the north by Lake Erie, on the east by a line commencing at the mouth of Cattaraugus Creek; thence up said creek to Gowanda, leaving said town in the Genesee Conference; thence to the Allegheny River at the mouth of the Tunungwant Creek, thence up said creek southward, excluding the city of Bradford on said creek, to the ridge dividing between the waters of Clarion and Sinnemahoning Creeks; thence southward to Mahoning Creek; thence down said creek to the Allegheny River, excluding the Milton Society, but including Valier and the Horatio Society, in the Frostburg Circuit, the Perrysville Society in the Ringgold Circuit, the Putneyville Society in the Putneyville Circuit, and those portions of the boroughs of Punxsutawney and Clayville lying south and east of the Mahoning Creek; thence across said river in a northwesterly direction to the southwest corner of Lawrence County, including Wampum; thence along the Ohio State line to the place of beginning, excluding Orangeville Church.

In its history Erie Annual Conference ever abounded in great men, whose fame has filled the entire world. If called upon to give the names of their illustrious decendants, twelve men loom up before me, who already have made a lasting impression upon my mind.

At my first Conference session in September, 1908; as I glanced casually over the array of distinguished men, Drs. Douglas, Borland, Graham, Higley, Fradenburgh, Minnigh, Crouch, Prather, Ogden, MacDonald, W. H. Crawford and D. A. Platt were the twelve men without invidious comparison appeared to me the very cream of the Conference. This session was notable as a Conference of Church trials, one man was permitted to withdraw from the ministry and membership of the Methodist Episcopal Church, another man was formally convicted on "High Imprudence and un-Ministerial Conduct." By the advice of his friends this brother took a supernumerary relation, but was afterwards given a supply appointment, and as has already been stated R. T. Cooper was expelled from the ministry and membership of the church, although only a few months in active relationship with the Erie Annual Conference. The writer never blamed the rank and file of the Erie Conference for its action in his case. The ring rule of the Conference was so implicated in the church trial that it forced the whole Conference into complicity with its jesuitical

methods. Twice since the deplorable affair the writer has invaded the boundaries of this old-time Conference to sell reference books. Both times he was cordially received by the brethren, who have been quite generous in the purchase of his books. As it was the case in leaving the Minneapolis Workhouse where both officers and inmates generally asserted their belief in the innocence of the writer, so, too, in the Erie Annual Conference may expressed themselves along the same line. The Erie Conference ring for years stifled the conscience of the whole Conference by drastic measures. W. H. Crawford, President of Allegheny College, has his strong points, but for political favors he sold out his manhood years ago.

Today in the streets of Meadville, Pennsylvania, his college home, he is almost universally called, both by student and town-folk, "William Ananias Crawford." In the minds of most people the conclusion has been reached that this man will never be elevated to the *office* and *work* of a Bishop in the Church of God.

Of our old friend Dr. T. W. Douglas the writer learned on a recent visit to the Erie Conference that he is now in his dotage, and is fast losing his mind. His public career began by voting for Abraham Lincoln, and he still continues to live in the past century, preaching from events that happened in Lincoln's time. The Cambridge Springs

Church so languished and declined under his two years' pastorate that his District Superintendent MacDonald was asked by the church to quietly remove Douglas so as not to injure this good old man.

The long curly haired, sanctimonious faced MacDonald still abides in the Conference with eye undimmed, and natural force unabated. In his own estimation he is a great man, and loves the work of the District Superintendency above his chief joy. Doubtless he will be willing to visit Saratoga Springs, New York, May 1, 1916, in the capacity of a delegate to the General Conference. R. S. Borland, in whose heart the milk of human kindness soured years ago, stands in the Conference like a manikin. Rev. Dr. J. M. Crouch, who has been a Conference war-horse in his day, and has defended many of his brethren in the hour of their troubles, owing the feeble health is now on the retired list. He richly deserves the best the Conference can give him. Space forbids the writer to specialize in the cases of the remaining distinguished men of the Conference.

Drs. Fradenburgh and Prather have gone to their long home, and each left behind him a fragrant memory. In general the Erie Conference is still ring-ruled, but some day, we trust not far distant, the Conference ring will be broken, and men all over the Erie Conference will praise God for his goodness, and for His wonderful works to

the children of men. Before closing this chapter on the Erie Conference it may be well to insert the following dialogue between Drs. Douglas and Higley over the Cooper case. It occurred just after Dr. Douglas returned from the General Conference session at Baltimore, Maryland, late in June, 1908.

Dr. Higley: "What did you learn of Cooper while at the General Conference?"

Dr. Douglas: "Both Jewell and Giles, the two leading delegates from the Central New York Conference, say 'You Erie people now have Cooper down, and they said we will help you to butcher him.'"

Dr. Higley: "I, too, have been busy in corresponding with a number of the Central New York Conference men. My friend and class-mate, Dr. G. A. Baldwin, has stirred up many of that Conference to write to different parties of the Erie Conference blackening the character of Cooper, and by an overwhelming mass of testimony against him, Cooper will be ground to powder at the session of our Annual Conference at Jamestown, New York."

Dr. Douglas: "Have you seen Miles, Jacobs and Roberts of Youngstown recently? By some means Cooper should be gotten over there before we proceed with the preliminary investigation. The link in the chain is not yet complete."

Dr. Higley: "In every way I have tried to draw Cooper out, but to no avail. I have posed as his friend—had him to dinner, but he is as close as a clam. I have seen our friend Bishop

Berry, however, and he will stand with us when Cooper is brought to trial, and screen us at every point."

Dr. Douglas: "We must leave no stone unturned to convict Cooper. I believe that after the preliminary investigation at Newcastle, Pennsylvania, which we will make horribly filthy, Cooper will take fright, take to his heels and run away. Let us all hope and pray that he will do so."

Then these two divines bade each other good-bye, and each went his own way thinking that God had not noted their vile conspiracy.

At a subsequent meeting of these two conspirators, Dr. W. P. Graham, the Secretary of the Erie Conference, also stationed on the Newcastle District, was present and made acquainted with all the details of the plot. This scribe was seeking a change in his field of labor, and was assured by Dr. Douglas that if he was faithful in the records of the Cooper case, he would be "taken care of." How well Graham did his part is shown in the incomplete records of the case as kept by Dr. E. E. Higley, appointed by Graham at Jamestown, New York, to act for the Erie Annual Conference. Again did "the end justify the means."

John Wesley, under God the founder of Methodism, taught his followers to build *plain churches and to pay for them*. Modern Methodism, as in many other ways than church building, has de-

parted widely from the advice of John Wesley. It is pitiful in travelling over the country to notice so many Methodist Episcopal churches weighed down with enormous debts, which depress both pastors and people with financial burdens beyond their power to successfully handle. Besides, these great debts are a constant menace to the spiritual prosperity of the churches. While these debt-laden churches are everywhere conspicuous in many of our large cities, today, even in Conferences abounding in villages, towns and smaller cities, these financially over-burdened temples in increasing numbers are found. The Central New York Conference in whose bounds the writer labored for twelve years furnishes striking examples of two such churches—Trinity, Auburn, New York, and Geneva, New York. We here insert the photograph of the splendid First Methodist Episcopal Church at Geneva, New York, and also of her handsome pastor, the Rev. David D. Campbell, D. D., under whose supervision the magnificent structure was erected. Geneva Methodism until the present edifice was erected occupied a humble position. She worshipped in a building constructed after the pattern of a dry-goods box, but it had the virtue of being practically free from debt. Shades of John Wesley come back and visit Geneva, New York! How a conservative church like the Methodist Episcopal Church at Geneva could be led

into the erection of so costly a church edifice has been a conundrum to many a thoughtful mind.

The services connected with the dedication of this beautiful structure occupied a full week. On Sunday, June 28, 1914, Bishop Burt formally dedicated the church to the glory of God. The *Geneva Times* of Monday, June 29, 1914, says in brief:

The new First Methodist Episcopal Church which was formally dedicated yesterday by Bishop Burt, D. D., LL. D., of Buffalo, New York, has been erected at a cost of \$130,000. The building of the edifice was begun about two years ago and is now practically completed with the exception of a few furnishings. The total amount of money raised on Dedication Day which was done through the envelope system and plate collections was \$3,601.52, which was most gratifying to the pastor and those who have the charge of the finances of the church.

An extract from the District report of Dr. W. E. Brown at the recent session of the Central New York Conference held in the splendid edifice of the First Methodist Episcopal Church at Geneva, New York, further says:

Dr. D. D. Campbell with his calm courage and strong faith in the ultimate victory of the enterprise has successfully led in the completion of the work. Geneva needed a new church. With this splendid equipment Methodism lifts up her head

and goes forth to a larger ministry in the city and the world. The report of the treasurer of the Board of Trustees at the fourth quarterly Conference showed that \$21,000 had been paid into his hands from subscriptions during the past year. A total of \$63,000 has been paid since the enterprise began. The total cost of the building is \$140,000. There is an indebtedness against the property of \$85,000. The pastor reports good subscriptions aggregating \$70,000. The old church property is estimated at \$15,000. This with the reported subscriptions practically covers the indebtedness.

With this report before us all Methodism should loudly sing the long meter doxology, with the Geneva Church. But alas! Many of these subscriptions will not stand the test of collection. Dr. D. D. Campbell has such novel ways of taking pledges. Those who have followed in other charges say of him that his faith in humanity is so great that he does not regard it as at all necessary that the pledges be signed by the *promisee*, but a verbal pledge is entirely satisfactory to this wonderful church builder. In approaching a prospective giver Dr. Campbell is quoted as saying, "Brother Blank gave me a promise of \$1,000 for the church. He is not worth nearly as much as you are, will you not also pledge \$1,000?" "I cannot afford it. I will give \$300," replies the other. "But you would like to give \$1,000, wouldn't you?"

said Dr. Campbell. "Oh, yes," replies the other. Dr. Campbell takes the intent for the deed, and puts down this brother for \$1,000, thanks the brother and goes forth to pledge other brethren for even larger subscriptions. The writer has been informed that up to date the Geneva Official Board has not seen the list as Dr. Campbell strictly regards that list as a "work of faith." Possibly Dr. Campbell intends to still further swell his list until the entire \$85,000 is covered, leaving the sale of the old church property as a bonus to the Geneva Church for still further improvements on their magnificent church property. Until Dr. Campbell turns over his report of the subscription list completed to the Geneva Official Board let "judgment be reserved." As Dr. Charles Drake Skinner after building the beautiful church at Auburn, New York, was lifted to the Presidency of Cazenovia Seminary, leaving his successors to collect the immense debt, why shouldn't Dr. Campbell, whose stupendous work at Geneva, New York, stands head and shoulders higher than that of Trinity, Auburn, New York, be lifted, yea, even to the seventh heaven by Bishop Burt?

The writer does not share the pessimistic view of some that the elegant First Methodist Episcopal Church at Geneva, New York, will finally be *sold for debt*. These doubting "Thomases" point to several lugubrious facts relating to the future of Geneva Church among which we will enumerate

the following only. First, the immense interest bill which must be paid yearly; why after all the prayers, exhortations, eloquent sermons and so forth of the whole week of dedication \$3,601.52, barely enough to pay nine months interest on the church debt, was raised. Secondly, the uncertainty surrounding the collection of the remaining \$85,000 of the church debt. Thirdly, the immense increase of current expenses to a church financially so poor as that of Geneva, New York. Still other reasons are set forth, but the writer pooh-poohs at them all. The author knows both Bishop William Burt and the great Methodist Episcopal Church. The pastor's salary at Geneva will surely be paid in full, even though the building fund is used up to pay current expenses. Dr. Campbell is a firm believer in the scriptural quotation, "The laborer is worthy of his hire." Owing to the war in Europe and the prevalence of the hard times in the United States, our church authorities will graciously excuse the using of the Church Building Fund money to pay current expenses at Geneva. Possibly after a few years the unprovided church debt at Geneva may run into \$100,000. Your district Superintendent, Dr. Brown, reported at the recent session of the Conference that your pastor was a man of calm courage and undaunted faith. Covet earnestly, ye saints of Geneva, these beautiful graces which adorn the life of your pastor. There is no need of fear

regarding the future of the First Methodist Episcopal Church at Geneva.

The Roman Catholics always have an eye open for the immediate purchase of debt-laden Methodist Episcopal churches, especially if the church edifice proves to be as magnificent in its appointments as the one at Geneva, New York. With the imperative need of paying back the \$12,000 borrowed from the Central New York Conference Claimants' Fund by the Geneva Church, and for meeting other *pressing obligations*, the ringing cry will be raised by the intrepid Bishop Burt, and the omnipresent cry will resound throughout the entire Methodist world, calling on faithful Methodists everywhere to send in at once their bottom dollar to rescue the beautiful Methodist structure at Geneva, New York, from the hands of the ruthless Roman Catholic priesthood. That penetrating cry raised by Bishop Burt will save the day. Always when other means fail the cry against Roman Catholicism succeeds in raising the requisite funds. In any other Methodist Episcopal Church save that at Geneva, New York, or a better putting of the case would be, in any other church save the one which had Dr. D. D. Campbell for pastor, the dedicatory services would have seen present either that master in raising church funds, Rev. John Krantz, or our highly esteemed Bishop Joseph F. Berry.

The relating of an incident connected with the dedication of the commodious Methodist Episcopal church at Berlin, Maryland, in the bounds of the Wilmington Conference, may be of interest to our readers. The Committee at Berlin, Maryland, invited Bishop Berry to dedicate their church, but wanted Dr. John Krantz to raise the money needed to clear off their debt. Bishop Berry accepted the invitation to dedicate the church, but demurred at having Dr. Krantz present to raise the funds. "Why," said the earnest Bishop, "Dr. Krantz will charge you \$100. I can raise the needed funds myself." Dr. J. Krantz accordingly lost a good job, and with it a hundred dollar bill. God smiled on the efforts of Bishop Berry at Berlin, Maryland, and the entire debt was pledged. The grateful people gave the successful Bishop \$25, which certainly would be a liberal expense account for passage to and from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. The Bishop sorrowfully looked at the money and then beamed on those who preferred it, and said, "John Krantz would have charged you \$100 for raising your church debt. I charge nothing for my sermons and services as Bishop, but I have *raised your debt*. Take back the \$25 and go aside and pray over the matter." The Committee retired in not a prayerful frame of mind. Eight days after in a blank letter Bishop Berry received a check for \$50 from Berlin, Maryland. In the meantime Bishop Berry had ar-

ranged with Bishop Cranston to hold the following session of the Wilmington Conference at Berlin, Maryland. Bishop Berry held in exchange the ensuing session of the Baltimore, Maryland, Conference.

The writer sold reference books in Youngstown, Ohio, early in December, 1914, and sold a copy of the book to the pastor of Epworth Church. Bishop Berry dedicated that new Epworth Church in that city, December 6, 1914. R. T. Cooper was invited to preach that same day in another Methodist Episcopal Church of that city, but declined feeling sure that the city walls of Youngstown, Ohio, would certainly fall down if on the same day two such luminaries delivered sermons in the same city. At Hillsville, Pennsylvania, the only charge he served in the Erie Conference, R. T. Cooper on Sunday, December 6, worshipped "the God of his fathers," being carried up and down that great hill by Brother Burkey, the faithful treasurer of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Hillsville, Pennsylvania.

John Wesley in a very short time after establishing the Society of Methodists began selling books, magazines, periodicals and all kinds of religious publications. This far-sighted man of God clearly saw that no permanent results would be obtained "if my people perish for the lack of knowledge." The splendid Book Concerns of the great Methodist Episcopal Church of today are plainly the

result of Wesley's long look ahead. With the revolving of the decades Methodism had placed additional emphasis on the obligation of every official member in the church to take at least one Methodist Church paper. Today in some great Conferences of the church nearly every church on the district is on the "roll of honor," from the fact that every official member in that church reported on the roll of honor takes at least one *Methodist Church Paper*. The results are clearly manifested in increasing benevolences, gifts to Colleges, Seminaries, Hospitals and Deaconesses' Homes, etc. From a child born in a New England Methodist parsonage the writer read the *New York Christian Advocate*, the *Zion Herald*, and from the time it first came out the *Epworth Herald*. Later with the change of Conference relations, the *Northern Christian Advocate* and *Pittsburgh Advocate* informed him of the doings of both local and worldwide Methodism. From the inception of his work as a pastor, the writer made it his aim to circulate the church papers. Even while building and paying for Bethany Church, Syracuse, New York, the late Dr. Oscar Houghton, then stationed at Clifton Springs, New York, ran a race with the writer to see who would send in the largest list of subscribers to the *Northern*. At first, Dr. Houghton would be ahead, and then Cooper.

Finally Dr. Houghton gave up the battle, as he was limited to a village, while Cooper had a large

city to roam over. We believe that the final tally of that canvass resulted in Clifton Springs sending in 125 *Northern* subscribers, Bethany, Syracuse, 171 *Northerns*. During that canvass the writer's song was "the field is the world, the world is my parish." The late editor B. E. Titus, at that time editor of the *Northern*, strongly urged the writer to become the Business Manager of the *Northern*. While the writer liked and admired Editor Titus, for prudential reasons, he declined to leave the pastorate. Frequently did Editor Titus warn the writer against certain brethren of the Central New York Conference. "Your great success is a reflection on their lack of success," he would often tell me. "Who can stand before envy?"

Reverting again to Bishop Joseph F. Berry, who attained his present office in the church through the editorial chair, let the writer here say the next General Conference will undoubtedly give much attention to concentrating the scope of our Church Papers. In travelling over thirty-three States, the author has made it his business to compare Methodist Church papers with those of our sister churches. Without a desire to stir up strife, no religious paper published in the world goes ahead of the *New York Christian Advocate*, either under Dr. Buckley's editorship, or under the present administration. Bishop Berry has undertaken a great task when he leaves his legitimate work as a Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and

attempts to be editor, church debt raiser, and a multitude of other things in addition to the heavy work of the Bishopric.

The writer was selling reference books in the bounds of the New Jersey Annual Conference when the war broke out between Dr. Eckman and Bishop Berry last May over "Editorial Episcopacy." Seated in the parlor of a commodious parsonage of the Methodist Episcopal Church the writer had a heart to heart talk with one of the leading pastors of Bishop Berry's District. This pastor soon showed that he stood squarely by Dr. Eckman in his position that *official church papers* should have the right of way over the non-official papers in every official papers' district. To my great surprise I found among the brainy class of pastors, not only in Bishop Berry's district, but all over the church, a *strong resentment* against the crowding in to the detriment of the circulation of the great official, these *cheap papers*. "Are we to pauperize Methodist literature in order that Mountebank Bishops may air their particular views of work?" God forbid! At some of the Conferences held in Bishop Berry's special territory, when making their district reports, district superintendents have gone out of their way to report a larger circulation of the *Methodist Times* than that of the *New York Christian Advocate* in their respective districts. These district superintendents believe in "standing by Bishop Berry."

Wordly wise are these dear brethren! No more discriminating work at the approaching General Conference can be made by our lawmakers than the concentrating and uplifting the standard of our authorized church papers. Again Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church need to be as far removed as possible from the rancor of party strife. Bishop Berry can count himself as fortunate if he does not have to answer to the charge of publicly criticizing the methods employed at the last General Conference regarding the election of Bishop Thirkield.

Admitting for the sake of argument that Bishop Thirkield was the Bishop of lightest weight elected at the last General Conference at Minneapolis, the best judges of these men freely affirm if Bishop Berry and Bishop Thirkield were weighed in the same scales, Bishop Thirkield would throw Bishop Berry high up in the scales. It is current throughout some quarters of the great Methodist Episcopal Church that just previous to the last General Conference Bishop Berry stated to friends that if he could be elected Editor of the *New York Advocate* he would be willing to accept of the honor and would ask to be relieved of the work of the Bishopric. We will not vouch for these rumors, but if they are true much light is thrown on the question raised by Dr. Eckman's article, "Editorial Episcopacy." Let brotherly love continue. We are writing a book and must pass right on to the weightier matters of the law.

PERSONNEL OF THE CENTRAL NEW YORK CONFERENCE

In disciplinary language the geography of the Central New York Conference is described as follows:

Central New York Conference shall be bounded on the west by the west lines of the towns of Williamson, Marion and Palmyra in Wayne County, and of the towns of Farmington and Canandaigua in Ontario County, and of Yates and Schuyler Counties, and of the towns of Hornby and Caton in Steuben County, and in the State of Pennsylvania by the railroad running from Lawrenceville to Blossburg including Mansfield and Blossburg Charges; on the south by Central Pennsylvania Conference; on the east by Wyoming and Northern New York Conferences; on the North by Northern New York Conferences and Lake Ontario.

With this geography of the Conference in mind and noting that the General Conference set off the Central New York territory as an independent Conference forty-seven years ago, we can readily see that many notable pastors have grown up in this historic territory, done their life work and passed on to join the great majority.

Following the unanimous report, both of the legal and clerical vindication of R. T. Cooper in

the New York East Conference in October, 1895, he was transferred to the Central New York Conference at his own request. In open session of the Conference held in Newark, New York, in October, 1905, the late Bishop E. G. Andrews made the request to the Conference and by a *unanimous rising vote* R. T. Cooper became a member of the Conference at its twenty-eighth session. In another part of this book the appointments and work of the writer have been touched upon.

The purpose now is to revive some memories connected with several of the leaders of the Conference.

It has always been a great comfort to the writer to remember that underneath the fruit trees bearing the choicest grades of fruit the larger number of clubs are ever plainly in evidence. From the moment he was *transferred into* the Central New York Conference until the day he was *transferred out* R. T. Cooper had to run a veritable gauntlet. Central New York Conference with its mammoth University was filled with a supply of good preachers far above the ordinary. It was a case of "there was no room for him in the inn." Bishop Andrews invited the writer to enter the Cabinet of the Central New York Conference at Newark, New York. It was found that only one field was open to the writer, a small charge on Elmira District. The late Rev. E. J. Hermans of Geneva District said, "Brother Cooper, our own bright

young men need every good charge in the Conference." Quickly the reply was made, "Brother Hermans, your bright young men will want my charge after I have worked in it one year." So it proved. The presiding elder of Elmira District told the writer at the ensuing Conference that six of the men of Elmira District alone had informed him that "they felt divinely called to follow R. T. Cooper in his new home at Wellsburgh, New York." The trouble did not end with the attempt to grab this charge. All through my stay in the Conference I had to watch my appointments. Churches outside of Central New York burdened with heavy debts so intently eyed the writer that with the grip of death, and by holding on to the horns of the altar of the Central New York Conference did the author prevent his transfer out of the Conference.

The writer watched the tactics of the great men of the Central New York Conference and noted how they rose to power. Eliminating from our consideration all save the effective men of this Conference we will say that the good, bad and indifferent were well represented in the Conference work, such men as Drs. E. M. Mills, F. T. Keeney, C. E. Hamilton, W. E. Brown and others were known far beyond the bounds of the local Conference, and were men of honor and notable for good works. The other district superintendents of the Conference together with Drs.

Rosengrant, Copeland, Hooker, C. M. Eddy, W. H. Yard and others well known in the local Conference, if not beyond, were men who would make friends and come to places of more or less prominence in any Conference to which they might be attached. Time forbids us to specify further. In a nut-shell the eyes of the majority of the Central New York Conference men have been graciously opened, and it is exceedingly doubtful if any undeserving brother will secure the chance of visiting Saratoga Springs, New York, in the capacity of a delegate from the Central New York Conference.

Before it slips the mind of the writer it may be pleasing to the members of the Central New York Conference to know that two business offers, both from the same parties, were made to R. T. Cooper in November, 1907, while he was waiting for Bishop Berry to *fix his appointment*. The Palol Chemical Company of Fayetteville, New York, of which firm Charles J. Jewell is President, twice urged the writer to sell their "Tasteless Castor Oil" product. Even if I were regarded as a black sheep by the eyes of the elder Jewell the son saw greatness in the writer as he prophesied that a harvest of dollars would come the writer's way if I would embark in his venture. God gave me grace to decline the proposition. The writer reasoned that a man who would leave denistry to engage in poultry raising, and then become an oil merchant

was a Jack-of-all-trades, and we all know the fate of the rolling stone. Not long after my transfer from the Conference through a Syracuse doctor the writer saw a letter whose author was the elder Jewell, begging an old man whom Charles J. Jewell had robbed of money to show mercy on his son. The elder Jewell while he was holding up his left hand imploring mercy for his son, was at the same time with his right hand running a poisoned dagger into the very vitals of a brother Methodist pastor. How does God regard such things! Certainly not with favor. The elder Jewell did not escape the consequences of his malicious attack on the writer. He was hauled over the coals in no gentle way by H. S. Duncan, President of the Board of Trustees of Wallington, New York, for his lying tongue. As a large company of men in the trolley station heard the conversation it will be unnecessary for the elder Jewell to waste his time in denying it. All through his career in the Central New York Conference the writer had to put up with petty meannesses, and to be continually on guard against every kind of contemptible rumors, started and circulated even by jealous pastors. Many years ago the writer committed the following lines:

“He who would without malice pass his days
Must live obscure and never merit praise.”

LIFE AMONG THE ROMAN CATHOLIC PRIESTS

During the past three or four years it has been the privilege and joy of the writer to meet hundreds of Roman Catholic priests, a class of men grossly misunderstood by thousands of Protestants. The writer can bear cheerful and truthful testimony to the purity and nobleness of the lives of multitudes of these much abused men. Going to their rectories at times when they were not looking for the writer, I took them unawares. By the aid of a most powerful microscope I found no bones of infants in their cellars (possibly quicklime had done its work). In their attics after a most persistent and diligent search no stored arms were found, although said to be there, ready to butcher unsuspecting Protestants at a moment's notice. While eating frequently with these priests on no occasion did the writer find poison in their cups; but he did find in many instances men of refinement, of polished manners, lovers of good books, possessors of large libraries, men of studious habits, and above all men of the highest type of Christian manhood. The Archbishops, Bishops, Monsignors, Vicar-Generals, the Heads of all the religious orders down to the humblest priests and curates, generally received the writer with courtesy and generally bought his reference

books. How many times during the past three or four years has the writer been a guest in the Roman Catholic rectories? These vice-regents of Jesus Christ on earth do not confine their menu cards to broiled fish, locusts and wild honey.

The very best food in the market graces their tables and the soul of good cheer—unstinted hospitality is everywhere in evidence. After partaking of a luncheon in a Roman Catholic rectory the writer was glad to refrain from eating the next meal.

To secure an audience with a Roman Catholic priest is not always an easy task. If the writer went around to call at 8 a. m. the priest was in the church saying Mass, if the call was made much after 9 a. m. the priest was busy with parochial duties connected with school, sick calls, etc. The *sure time* to find the priest was about 1 p. m. or between 7 and 8 p. m. These devoted priests are so engaged in taking care of their own flocks that they have no time to *meddle with* or mix up in the affairs of their Protestant neighbors. Some ranting and bigoted Protestants look upon the generality of Roman Catholic priests as wine bibbers, men of unbridled appetites, steeped in tobacco, etc. As Abraham Lincoln said to some carping critics of General U. S. Grant, who they alleged got drunk, "Buy the same brand of liquor and use it," was the advice of the astute Lincoln. While from his youth the writer has been a total abstainer from the use of both liquor and tobacco,

he has more respect for those Roman Catholic priests who openly and aboveboard pass their choice cigars, and use the social glass, than he has for those Protestant pastors who after solemnly promising at the altars of the church that they will wholly abstain from the use of these things, pull down their curtains and secretly both smoke and drink. Hypocrisy is a sin which our Master loudly excoriated. If the writer was as sure of Heaven as some of these devoted priests, he would breathe more freely.

Some Protestants allege that the Roman Catholic priests are bigoted. Let us look into it. What is the cardinal doctrine of the Roman Catholic Church? There is but one true church, the Holy Roman Catholic Church, and outside of the pale of which there is no salvation. A firm belief in these teachings makes all of the Roman Catholic priests intensely loyal to the Church. There is a mighty difference between *loyalty* and *bigotry*. The sanctified Methodist thinks there is a very poor show of eternal salvation to any who fail both to profess and live the *Higher Life*, and above all to those who did not both vote for and advocate third party prohibition. In fact they openly teach that only through the overflowing of God's mercies can any one else be saved. Yet these dear saints are not bigoted but extremely zealous. Let Almighty God be the final judge in these matters.

“So let our lips and lives express
The Holy Gospel we profess.”

BISHOP JOSEPH F. BERRY AS PRESIDENT OF AN ANNUAL CONFERENCE

One of the most trying places to put a Methodist Bishop is to preside over the routine proceedings of an Annual Conference. "Many men of many minds" oftentimes make things in an Annual Conference quite interesting, especially as they center around the making of the appointments. In the larger Conferences there is always a good deal of solicitude as to which Bishop shall be assigned to preside over their important Conferences. One of our Bishops, Bishop Joseph F. Berry, is always *sufficient for all things*. Hence he comes to preside over any Annual Conference in full assurance of faith. Among other Conferences assigned to him to hold during his first quadrennium was the great New York Conference, where the human element so frequently enters into the "fixing" of appointments. Here, as in other Conferences, he solemnly informed the brethren at the opening session that everything done in the Conference would be done in "open shop," every man would have a "square deal," the Bishop would delightedly give every man a private hearing about his appointment, and that there should be no unpleasant surprises at the close of the Conference. Such assurances on the part of a Bishop would naturally inspire confidence and love.

Bishop Berry is always a reformer. He listens to all sides. He will never be a partisan. He is always a judge.

At this particular time there were several knotty propositions to settle owing to a large number of transfers to be made into this great Conference. While his cabinet, composed of four slothful district superintendents, were slumbering and sleeping through the long hours of the night unconcerned over the tangled condition of the Conference, this active-brained Bishop wrestled with, and agonized over, these knotty propositions. He was divinely guided in all of his affairs. He took the whole Conference into his confidence. He announced the transfers in, and the transfers out, of men in pairs, everything was done decently and in order. Against his will, Rev. Dr. Andrew Gillies was transferred to the Troy Conference, and Dr. George C. Peck was transferred in for St. Andrew's Church in New York City to take the place made vacant by Dr. Gillies. A storm of protest and indignation swept over the Conference. Finally Bishop Berry said, "Does the Conference request me to transfer back into the New York Conference, Rev. Dr. Gillies?" Quickly all over the church the answer came back, "You transferred out of the Conference Dr. Gillies without our consent, and now you can transfer him back without any advice from us." "Do you question my motives?" said the Bishop. "Not

your motives, but your judgment," said an intrepid pastor. *Bishop Berry wisely re-transferred* Rev. Dr. Gillies to the New York Conference.

A gifted pastor of the New York Conference had written the book "In the Land of the Romberg," which was considered as a *roast on the Conference*. In fact, several of the prominent district superintendents and preachers thought the book had made an attack upon them personally. The author, Rev. B. C. Warren, had taken the precaution to present Bishop Berry with a copy of the book before the opening of the Conference Session. The Bishop, after reading it, had assured Dr. Warren that there was no objectionable matter in it. However, after several brethren who thought they had been illy used in the book had talked it over with Bishop Berry, Dr. Warren was informed that his book had stirred up the whole Conference. "Right or wrong, innocent or guilty, you will be moved to a humbler charge where your salary will be cut in two," said the irate Bishop. Dr. Warren was educating quite a large family of children at that time. Bread and butter meant something to them at this juncture. He pleaded with the Bishop in wrath to remember mercy. At length a promise was given by Dr. Warren that he would apologize to the Conference for writing the book, and would withdraw it from further circulation. Those who

heard that apology to the Conference claim it was no apology at all. In fact, it made a bad matter worse. However, it partially saved Dr. Warren's appointment. He was moved down from \$2,000 and parsonage to \$1,500 and parsonage, a *drop* of \$500 in his grade. Bishop Berry was determined at this session of the New York Conference to remove *one* or possibly *two* district superintendents. After matters had been weighed pro and con, the Bishop was afraid to remove the one, but by the judicious use of flattery and promise of advancement determined to remove the other. Just before the reading of appointments, he said to the brother to be removed, "I am about to send you back to a former charge." After protesting at his removal from his district the brother said, "After the reading of the appointments I would like to speak to a question of privilege." "You can do so," said the Bishop. "I will avail myself of that privilege," said the brother.

Bishop Berry went back to his desk on the platform, changed that brother back to his district and read the appointments. The Conference sang the doxology and adjourned "sine die."

Not long ago in holding the New Jersey Conference, Bishop Berry became quite dramatic in the closing hours of the sessions. As in other Conferences, pastoral adjustments had been exceedingly difficult. A war-horse of the Confer-

ence who had been unusually successful in the building of churches, but was hard to station satisfactorily at this session of the Conference, there being no suitable opening for him, had prior to the opening of the Conference been assured by Bishop Berry that "he would take care of him" and that he would receive a "square deal" in his appointment. "I know of your excellent work, and your case shall have precedence." Early in the Conference session a very hard place had been put down for this brother. He protested. The Bishop temporized—finally became conciliatory and asked the brother to suggest some places where he would like to go, and promised to do his best to send him to one of them. Another brother connected by marriage to one of the wealthiest families in Camden Methodism was chosen to aid in the raising of \$200,000 for Pennington Seminary. This brother, Snyder, was to be paid \$3,000 for his services by the Board of Education and would live with his wealthy father-in-law in a Camden mansion, and get home quite frequently to enjoy his family. Bishop Berry said just before reading the appointments, "I feel like a butcher, I feel that my fingers are dripping with blood." When in the reading of the appointments he came to the name of Brother Snyder he broke down completely and cried like a child. "Oh, Brother Snyder, my heart is breaking for you. I am sending you away from your home and family

among strangers, fairly robbing you of your home. I shall pray for you and the dear Lord will take care of you."

At the conclusion of these words the Bishop leaned forward on the pulpit and fairly sobbed aloud. To Brother Brunyate, whom he sent to a backwoods charge, he said when Brother Brunyate met him face to face, "Brother Brunyate, it was a cruel thing." "Yes," said Brother Brunyate, as he stuck his fist under the Bishop's nose, "it was a damnable outrage." "I don't want to see you. I don't want to talk with you, Brother Brunyate," said the sympathetic Bishop. Quite a difference in Bishop Berry's feelings in the Brunyate case when compared with the Snyder case. In prognosticating over the prospective appointment for district superintendent of the Camden District at the approaching New Jersey Conference session, the best judges generally think that Dr. M. E. Synder stands an extremely good chance of succeeding Dr. S. M. Nichols, the present incumbent.

At this point it can be stated that one of the chief tasks of a presiding Bishop's duties is to properly fill the districts of a Conference. Whenever a vacancy occurs, a multitude of candidates arise. Every wire known to a consummate politician and ward heeler is pulled. Committees galore write to the presiding Bishop or waylay him at all times and on all occasions. Bishop

Berry loves to please people, especially if they are of the influential order, or have a fat pocket-book. Favors granted to these office seekers must be returned to him later on. Bishop Berry always has in reserve numerous financial pledges which he must redeem. He delights to have on his friendship lists a large number of wealthy laymen. Among the ministers he is always asking the question (which he knows sooner or later will reach the party involved): "What kind of district superintendent timber will Brother Blank make?"

With most Methodist Episcopal pastors the being made a District Superintendent is next to going to Heaven itself. If any should be shaky over their chances of finally reaching the Elysian fields, they would make *sure* of the next best place and accept the District Superintendency. Bishop Berry is credited on several occasions in the different Conferences where he has presided of offering this identical office, where there was only one district open, to from five to ten different men. Naturally the disappointed ones feel that the blood of Ananias courses through the veins of Bishop Berry.

Bishop Berry's Presidency over the Philadelphia Annual Conference, one of the oldest and wealthiest in the Methodist connection, is marked by several striking incidents. The Philadelphia Conference is not only a Conference of great churches, but of even greater men. Several

Bishops have been elected from the bounds of this historic Conference and to be both a residential and presidential Bishop in this district is an honor which any Bishop might be justly proud of. The General Conference of 1912 assigned Bishop Joseph Berry to this area, and among the first things he did was to provide a beautiful Episcopal residence. To show his spirit of utter unselfishness he personally pledged \$500, and it is said that twenty prominent laymen followed his example. Whatever debt now rests on that beautiful home for Bishops is carried in its interest account by the pastors of the Annual Conference in Bishop Berry's area—Philadelphia, Wyoming, New Jersey and Wilmington. Some short-sighted pastors complainingly give the small amount assessed on their charges for the interest bill of the Bishop's home, and seem to think, as Bishop Berry gets his rent free, he ought to pay the interest bill himself.

Shortly before Bishop Luther B. Wilson left this Episcopal Area he deemed it wise to re-district the Philadelphia Conference, and accordingly made the four districts into five districts. Naturally this innovation had strong opposition. Unlike Bishop Berry's course in the New York Conference in 1907, where he dared not change the district superintendents but persuaded Bishop D. H. Moore, who presided in 1908 over the New York Conference, to make the change which he

was not brave enough to do himself, Bishop Wilson *did*, and in the face of strong opposition. To make the discontented brethren feel good, Bishop Berry sympathized with them, and said, "Bishop Wilson would not have dared to do this, save that he knew before the last General Conference that his new home after the close of the General Conference would be in the City of New York." Another striking incident where the open mouth of "Joe" Berry uttered "things otherwise."

The Methodist Episcopal Church has ever been jealous of the standing of her ministry. Each Annual Conference is the judge of the effectiveness of her pastors. Hence the change of relation which can be entered into during the session of the Conference the effective, the supernumerary and superannuated relations, are the three relations, any one of which a Methodist Episcopal pastor may hold to his Conference. Besides these relations a pastor can locate, or even withdraw from the ministry altogether. In the latter case he ceases to be a pastor in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and no longer is he a member of the Conference. Bishop Berry, like all other Bishops, cannot always give an appointment pleasing to each individual pastor. Rev. Clifford P. Fitcher at the session of the Philadelphia Conference of 1914 felt aggrieved that Bishop Berry should insist in moving him, and although offered several

charges to choose from refused to make a choice, and left the Conference session in high dudgeon.

During his absence Bishop Berry presented to the Conference the request of C. P. Futcher to be allowed to withdraw. On motion of G. H. Bickley he was permitted to withdraw. It was ordered that his parchments be endorsed and returned to him. The Conference expressed its regret at his withdrawal. As Brother Futcher had never surrendered his ordination parchments, being in the same boat with the writer, who still retains his parchments, Erie Conference never daring to ask for their return, Brother Futcher was incensed at Bishop Berry's procedure and brought a civil suit against the Bishop to recover \$30,000 damages. *Mirabile Dictu*. Rather than stand this suit, Bishop Berry, in the face of the protests of his Cabinet, arranged matters so that there was a vacant pastorate at Phoenixville, Pennsylvania, and appointed C. P. Futcher, a man who is not even a minister at all by virtue of the action of the recent session of the Philadelphia Conference, to that vacant pastorate. Thus again did "the end justify the means."

How Bishop Berry's action will be regarded by the approaching session of the Philadelphia Conference when the roll of the Conference is called is a matter of conjecture. Possibly this case may reach even the next General Conference, where doubtless it will be emphasized that preach-

ers must keep our rules and not mend them. Possibly our chief pastors, the Bishops, will be expected to adhere to this same code of rules. It is extremely doubtful if Pope Benedict the Fifteenth would sanction such an act of any Bishop of his church who would presume to do a similar piece of fine work.

PERSONNEL OF THE NEW YORK EAST CONFERENCE

When the writer first came to take work in the New York East Conference in April, 1886, a large number of distinguished pastors were then active in the Conference, all of whom long since have gone to their reward. Well does the writer recall the inspiration their noble lives gave him in his work. The erudite Dr. Daniel Curry, the impulsive Pullman, W. P. Corbit, the lion-hearted, the sweet singer in Israel, Joseph Vinton, the tireless worker, J. O. Peck, the brilliant orator, John Rhey Thompson, the learned J. W. Beach, the intellectual Robert Crook, the practical C. S. Wing, all unique in their way, a source of honor, both to themselves and to the New York East Conference. Dr. J. M. Buckley still survives and long may this king of men continue to add luster to the New York East Conference. "Till this day the Scepter has not departed from Judah," and great men continue to preach in the bounds of the old New York East Conference. So much "Bishop" timber can be found here that with Drs. Downey, E. Mason North, Bartholow, C. W. Flint, F. W. Hannam, and so forth, the next General Conference will be so bewildered with the profusion of beautiful flowers that a choice will be a hard matter. So many men from this Conference can

worthily represent Methodism at Saratoga Springs, New York, May 1, 1916, that the election of delegates from the New York East Conference will necessarily result in the sending of a company of "picked men." What with Drs. Buckley, Downey, Mains, Kelley, Richardson, F. Mason North, Bartholow, Kavanaugh, Hannam, Flint, Dent, Goodenough, Upham, Layton and so forth, all eligible for election, who can prophesy which of these men shall return from Saratoga Springs with the *crown of a Bishop* on his head?

That the delegation from the New York East Conference will add luster to the gathering at Saratoga Springs there is no doubt, that drastic legislation will be enacted there is a positive certainty. The world moves, and Methodism is never behind the world—a church of progress with methods suited for the age is her aim. It will be a General Conference of sifting, and let us all pray that the chaff may be thoroughly blown away. The ideas expressed by the New York East Conference always receive attention. If unsavory things must be uncovered let the Biblical truth be quoted, "He that covereth his sin shall not prosper." The world rushes on, and the King's business requires haste. We have excused sin so long, and covered up iniquity so carefully, that the very rocks and hills cry out for justice. Let the New York East Conference delegation be so fearless that evildoers shall cry out in their dis-

treasury, and turn away from their sins. Justice for churches, a square deal for pastors, equity for everyone connected with the great Methodist economy should be the watchword of the entire New York East Conference delegation at Saratoga Springs, New York.

THE PASTORS OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH AS BOOK BUYERS

All through his experiences in selling reference books, the writer has found that the Methodist Episcopal pastors and the Roman Catholic priests were his best customers. Unlike the Roman Catholic priest, who being unmarried is a law unto himself, the Methodist Episcopal pastor in most cases must consult his wife. Many a sale made to a Methodist Episcopal pastor *has been upset by the wife*. After a little experience in this line, the writer from prudential motives would sell the book jointly, so that the sale should not be upset. Born himself in a Methodist Episcopal parsonage, the author knows that in these places of residence money does not always grow on bushes. Consequently, in trepidation of spirit he approached many a Methodist Episcopal parsonage. Of one thing he might rest assured, a welcome hearty and sincere. For the average Methodist Episcopal pastor is given to hospitality. As eleven of the Methodist Episcopal Church Bishops, General Secretaries galore, College Presidents, Theological Seminary Professors, countless numbers of Methodist Episcopal ministers—over one thousand in all—have purchased the new “Century Book of Facts,” the work of the writer has been wonderfully accelerated. Next to Methodist, the

Roman Catholic clergy stand second on the list in number of books taken. The writer's subscription book list has been looked over with wonder, both by Roman Catholic priests, five of whose Bishops, several of whose College Presidents and hundreds of whose priests have taken the book, and by the Methodist Episcopal pastor who finds in the lists the signatures of his mates of College, Theological and even Preparatory school days.

Some of the warmest friends of his life were made by the writer in the sale of books. A spirit of real self-sacrifice must be made by many of the Methodist Episcopal pastors, owing to the number of children in the parsonage, and also to the scanty salaries many of them receive. Many pastors of the Methodist Episcopal Church, like the monks of the Roman Catholic Church, virtually take the vow of poverty because they always serve in churches where the dividends are small. If our chief pastors and our other largely paid pastors followed John Wesley's command, and paid back into the Common Fund all over a living amount, how happy many a Methodist Episcopal pastor would be. But alas! Selfishness rules in the high places of this world. Notwithstanding all of his financial drawbacks the Methodist pastors are good book buyers, and many of them possess good, growing better, and larger libraries than many men who have much larger incomes. The secret of the power and wealth of the great Metho-

dist Episcopal Church Book Concern lies largely at the door of the faithful work and patronage of the humble Methodist preacher.

During the present quadrennium the writer has tried to disentangle himself as far as possible from the chaotic state of affairs in which he was left by the action of the last General Conference. Through the advice of a prominent Methodist Educator, a supposed friend, Cooper was directed to a law firm in New York City which gave him encouragement that they would take up his case. At a meeting in New York City in March, 1913, it was agreed that Cooper should send this law firm all trial records in his case. The head member of the firm was personally to go to Minneapolis, Minnesota, and to begin legal proceedings in the city police court, where Cooper had been illegally sentenced to ninety days in the workhouse and served the entire term. The writer secured the services of the stenographer of the book firm for which he had been working the past three or four years, and the stenographer made affidavit that she had both carefully wrapped, directed and sent those papers to the New York City law firm, with a carefully written return to Springfield, Massachusetts, in case they should not be delivered. Presto change. The law firm wrote Cooper that they had decided not to take up his case. *Those papers relating to his trial had disappeared* from the face of the earth. Not even a

tracer put on them in the parcel post department could reveal their hiding place anywhere, even when traced by the highest postal authorities in Washington, D. C. Thus again did the "end justify the means."

In the spirit of St. Paul when he said, "None of these things move me," the writer himself went on to Minneapolis, Minnesota, in June, 1913. Personally he went to the home of Judge Leary who had sentenced him, and talked the matter over with him as the Judge mowed his lawn. The Judge sent him to the City Attorney who had prosecuted the case, and he in turn said he would do all in his power to aid the writer get justice.

As the Chief of Police was out of the city, the writer was brought before one of the "Captains." This man took off his hat and looking the writer straight in the face said, "Do you know me?" After looking at him intently the writer said, "I never saw you before in my life." "Yes, you have," said the police captain, "you accosted me near the auditorium in May, 1912, during the session of the late General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. "Why did you not pull me in, if I did or said anything unlawful?" said the writer. At first the police captain was speechless. As he saw the writer was not afraid of him he ultimately said, "Why have you come here to stir up trouble? People have forgotten your case, and you are a fool to revive it. You cannot get

anything out of Officer Whitcomb as he is a poor man." The City Attorney after offering to go with me to see Officer Whitcomb, who made the arrest, and the offer being declined went back to his office. The writer continued his work for the New York book firm and sold books in that same building (City Hall) to the public school authorities, whose Superintendent Jordan gave him a cordial hearing.

The writer is *still* in the same quandary over the question, "Which is the more decayed, the police courts of the City of Minneapolis, or the Highest Ecclesiastical Court of the Methodist Episcopal Church?" Outside of the writing of this book, which will make the whole American people his jury, no justice this side of the grave can be found for R. T. Cooper, except as the truth of this book convinces the public of the merits of the case.



TRINITY M. E. CHURCH, POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.
Which called R. T. Cooper to be pastor in March, 1907.

THE TRINITY METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH AT POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK

One of the great churches of the New York Conference is the Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church at Poughkeepsie, New York. To be appointed to that church is an honor which many men of the New York Conference covet. During his membership in the Central New York Conference in raising funds for distressed churches, the writer visited this grand church, on several occasions preached in her pulpit, collected funds from her membership, and inspired hope in that noble church that if called to be her pastor the large debt at that time resting on her beautiful edifice should be paid. To be transferred to the New York Conference with conditions in his case as they were was nearly as difficult a task as journeying from earth to heaven. The way was always so hedged about. When Trinity Church at Poughkeepsie, New York, was going to have a change of pastors, the writer was in Central New York Conference busy either with grappling a large debt, or about to build a new church. A transfer at that time was out of the question. Finally by a course of "providential happenings," as has been alluded to before, Dr. E. M. Mills, of the Geneva District, was taken up for the work of one of the General

Conference Secretaries of the Home Missionary Society, Rev. C. E. Jewell, pastor at Geneva, was put on the Geneva District, and R. T. Cooper was assigned to be pastor of the Geneva Church. All the appointments were to take effect April 1, 1907, as Dr. Mills wanted to close his official work on the Geneva District with the dedication of the Wallington Church late in March, 1907, of which the writer was then pastor. By jesuitical intrigue, already stated, Cooper's appointment to Geneva, New York, was cancelled.

On the same day, March 22, 1907, a unanimous call from Trinity Church, Poughkeepsie, New York, was received. Even if the writer had been guilty of all that was alleged against him, what a mass of sin "in the final judgment day" will be laid at the door of Bishop Berry and his misguided helpers from the Central New York and Erie Conferences. The Roman Catholic hierarchy in its darkest days would never have sunken so low as to employ the methods of Bishop Joseph F. Berry. By long practice in deceit and falsifying this about-to-be Senior Effective Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church has persuaded himself that if he can only keep out of the clutches of the earthly tribunals, God Himself may forget, and glossing over his sins may give him (Berry) an abundant entrance into "supernal glory." Alas for Bishop Berry! "Those whom the gods would destroy they first make mad." Such an

array of evidence against him will be before the Committee on Episcopacy that his best friends will be sure to advise him to resign his office, and thus save scandal to the church. As has been previously indicated, Bishop Berry has a *fat pile* for the comfort of his old age, and can retire to his large farm at Bemis Point, New York, in the bounds of the dear Erie Conference. He can prevent his hired men from working on the Lord's Day, and stop further scandal to the eyes of the faithful pastor appointed to the Bemis Point Church, as he goes to and fro to the afternoon appointment of that charge. If we are to judge of the character of Bishop Berry by the weight of evidence piled up against him all over the church, he certainly is the most unscrupulous politician who ever presided over the affairs of the Methodist Episcopal Church. In other words, he is the Bishop who does the largest business on the smallest capital of any Bishop who has ever occupied that exalted position.

EXPERIENCES IN BUILDING AND FURNISHING THE NEW METHODIST
EPISCOPAL PARSONAGE AT
WELLSBURGH, N. Y.

Probably next to Heaven itself, the sweetest place for a Methodist pastor to look forward to is the time when she shall enter a well-appointed parsonage home. By virtue of the fact that my predecessor at Wellsburgh, New York, the late Rev. C. E. Ferguson, lived in his own well-appointed home in Elmira, New York, during his four years' pastorate in Wellsburgh, the writer found on reaching the charge no parsonage awaiting him. Brother Ferguson had done *all* in his power to complete the parsonage, but a dearth of money had blocked the enterprise. No suitable place being for rent in the quite little village, the Sunday School room stored the pastor's household furnishings, and the church parlors made a temporary home for the pastor's family. *Outsiders* as well as *insiders* took an interest in getting that parsonage completed. It seems hard to believe that twelve hundred loads of stone, gravel and soil had to be carted into those parsonage grounds. At first carting bees were held, and the ladies of the church served sandwiches, doughnuts and hot coffee, and every available teamster was pressed into service. After a time volunteers

were hard to find. The next step was to get people for *half pay*. By and by no more of this class could be found. Then came the class who would work as reasonable as possible, and with the aid of this class the carting was completed. The writer has traveled miles in search of funds, authorized so to do by the presiding elder of Elmira District. *How to furnish the parsonage* after it was completed was another task. The pastor and his wife were not the only ones who were anxiously wondering where the *means* were coming from to furnish the new parsonage. One day while absent from home that question was solved by a dear old lady of the church, Sister Lockwood, recently gone to her reward. In company with another lady of the church she visited the church parlors, and with a face wreathed in smiles informed the pastor's wife that she had solved the mystery of furnishing the parsonage. With baited breath the pastor's wife listened. "We are going to have a committee of ladies go all over the town and get each family to give what they don't want from their own homes to furnish the new parsonage." As the pastor's wife had a *little of the artistic* in her composition, the vivid sight of these articles brought from all over the town and arranged in the new parsonage convulsed her. Dear Sister Lockwood meant well, and her suggestion showed she wanted to help in the good work.

When the new parsonage was opened for the dedicatory services by general consent it was the neatest and most elegant home for miles around. The following cuts will show our readers how the parsonage looked at this particular time. Probably no home that the writer has lived in, either before or since, was half as sweet to him as that identical home. As he reverts to the time spent in those church parlors, as he remembers the excellent line of edibles sent from all over the town for the comfort of his family, he is obliged to say, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." Wellsburgh, New York, will always have a warm spot in the memories of the writer and his family.

SOME PECULIAR REMINISCENCES OF THE MINNEAPOLIS WORKHOUSE

To be suddenly taken without a moment's warning from a life of activity and thrust into a gloomy dungeon for ninety days is an experience of a lifetime. A wag who was noted for his pithy sayings, on one occasion is quoted as follows: "I wouldn't take \$1,000 for my experience; but if I had \$10,000 I would give it up rather than have another experience like it." The writer thoroughly endorses the above quotation, as it relates to his experience in the Minneapolis Workhouse. It has been a Chinese puzzle to the writer to account for the gradual change which came over the officers and inmates of the workhouse toward him, from loathing and hatred to respect and admiration. Such was the case. The first few days spent in the workhouse were a literal hell on earth. The days seemed to have no ending. The nights were filled with frightful oaths and curses. The prisoners in general looked alike, and in very truth they smelled alike. The daily routine of the prison was extremely monotonous, with but little to enliven the gloom. Every letter coming in was first opened by the officers and read, every letter going out had the same fate. From the very first the writer sent his family one letter containing eighty dollars, and requested that there should be no

reply to it. Such an amount of money for an inmate to have on hand, and to send to his family, to say the least, was quite unusual. The writer sent his firm one letter also, and arranged for the support of his family while in the workhouse. When Sunday morning came, being the time for writing letters, the writer always refused the paper and pencil furnished by the prison authorities. Monday in the workhouse was called "pay day."

The guards brought in pans filled with plugs of tobacco. Although a total abstainer from the weed, the writer always took his tobacco, but never used it. The other prisoners on noting that he never used his tobacco began to court his favor. Cooper soon became quite popular as he would halve, third and quarter the plug of tobacco, passing it around among the favored ones. From week to week the prisoners would have a mortgage on that plug of tobacco, and Cooper got the goodwill of many by his *unselfishness* in parting with the weed. Reading books and magazines was a pleasant pastime for the prisoners, although newspapers were not allowed to circulate in the cells of the prisoners. Some of the prisoners had seen better days, but most of them were from the lower strata of society. One other clergyman, a German Lutheran, was brought into the prison while the writer was a sojourner there. Periodical spree was the cause of his visit to the workhouse.

As his cell was on the tier right over mine, I frequently heard a Roman Catholic guard, who was a mutual friend of both of us, say, "Why don't you get acquainted with Brother Cooper? He is always so cheery." The gloomy German would cry out, "This is Hell, no one can comfort me in this place." After a few days of punishment, this German Lutheran pastor would go out on probation, and resume his work in his church in good and regular standing, until his periodical spree would send him back to the workhouse again. Some cases of fathers of families being sentenced for sixty and ninety days was pitiful in the extreme. The wails and cries of the wives and children of these unfortunate men were truly heart-rending, but law is law, and punishment must be meted out to all transgressors of the law. Visiting day also had its sad side. Only two visitors came to see the writer during those ninety days—a Methodist Episcopal clergyman and a lawyer secured for the writer by the clergyman previously spoken of. There is very little justice in law when surrounded by the vilest intrigues. My righteous wish for Dr. J. B. Hingeley and his coadjutor Bishop Joseph F. Berry, is that both of them might spend ninety days in the Minneapolis Workhouse, and that cells 240 and 241 might be their lodging places. "The Lord reward them both according to their work."

One thing the writer learned to his profit during his stay in the workhouse—how to gather vegetables, both for the workhouse, hospital and the Minneapolis City markets. Oceans of every kind of vegetables stared him in the face from day to day. It was a productive season that summer of 1912. *White onions* were a blessing to the whole workhouse, and during the season were served three times a day, the best substitute for butter the writer knows of. The daily menu during the summer season at the workhouse was largely vegetarian—consequently few cases of stomach disorders were reported. It would have been a pleasure to the writer and to many others to have had the breakfast hash analyzed, and to have the ratio of *meat* to vegetables set forth. The definition of faith in the epistle to the Hebrews would come in play, “Now faith is the *substance* of things hoped for, the *evidence* of things not seen.” Positively the writer did not experience one sick day in the ninety days spent in the workhouse, for his diet for three straight months was vegetables, supplemented by bread and the concoction called “coffee” previously described.

A RAPID TURNING OF THE KALEIDOSCOPE IN THE ECCLESIASTICAL PROCEEDINGS IN THE CASE OF R. T. COOPER

Late in June, 1908, after a conference with Dr. T. W. Douglas, district superintendent of Newcastle District, R. T. Cooper on his way to East Northfield, Massachusetts, to move his family to Hillsville, Pennsylvania, called at the Episcopal residence at Buffalo, New York, on Bishop Joseph F. Berry. Here Bishop Berry showed the writer just a portion of a letter received that same morning from Dr. Douglas in which matters previously spoken of in this book were set forth. On asking Bishop Berry what he would do if he were in the writer's position, the Bishop replied, "To save scandal I would withdraw from the ministry." "But I am innocent of the charges," said the writer. "I told the Erie Conference parties at the General Conference in Baltimore, Maryland, that there was nothing against Cooper in the Central New York Conference." As the Bishop had transferred me from the Central New York to the Erie Conference "his skirts were clean" up to this time. I gave the Bishop the plain assurance that after a visit to my family at East Northfield, Massachusetts, I should return to the Erie Conference to defend myself. On leaving Bishop

Berry he said, "See Dr. O. W. Holmes and get him to withdraw the charges." That part of the Bishop's advice I refused to follow. By correspondence with Dr. Douglas I asked that *Youngstown, Ohio, should be the place* of the investigation. The return letter from Dr. Douglas said the investigation would not be held in Youngstown, Ohio, but the place and time will be settled upon when I reached Newcastle, Pennsylvania, early in July, 1908. When I saw the bill of charges as handed me by Dr. Douglas in his own home, I said the charges should first be heard civilly. "Oh, no," said Dr. Douglas, "these parties have not yet proved their case against you. I desire to have everything kept quiet and have everything confined to Newcastle District." With the aid of another friend, Dr. Elmer Elsworth Higley, it was decided that the First Methodist Episcopal Church at Newcastle, Pennsylvania, should be the *place*, and July 14, 1908, should be the *time* for holding the investigation. All parties agreed to this because the writer was assured that both Drs. Douglas and Higley were his friends. The day of the investigation, July 14, 1908, arrived, and after challenging for cause two of the men selected by Dr. Douglas for the investigation (David Taylor and J. C. MacDonald), Dr. Douglas said, "I will go and talk with these men." He soon returned and said, "I have talked with these men, and they are all right to serve on the investigation." As

the writer still objected to J. C. MacDonald serving, Dr. Douglas replied, "If I was going to be hung, I would as soon be hung by Dr. MacDonald as by any other man." Dr. MacDonald served on that committee, and proved the bitterest enemy in the case against the writer. At dinner time all of the committee on the investigation went to dinner with Dr. Douglas. Dr. Higley entertained Dr. Holmes and the three business men from Youngstown, Ohio, E. E. Miles, T. I. Jacobs, and W. J. Roberts. R. T. Cooper had invited E. O. Minnigh, his counsel, to dine with him. In the face of that invitation, Dr. Douglas tried to persuade Dr. Minnigh to go home with him. *E. O. Minnigh dined at a hotel with R. T. Cooper.* As we all left the First Methodist Episcopal Church to go to dinner it was with the expressed understanding that after the dinner hour the Court would reassemble, and the verdict would be rendered. When Rev. E. O. Minnigh and myself returned to the church after the dinner hour we found the church deserted, save that E. E. Higley came in to say that the *Court had adjourned*, and that I could secure the verdict at the home of Dr. Douglas. From Dr. Douglas the writer learned that R. T. Cooper had been suspended until the next session of the Erie Annual Conference at Jamestown, New York, September 2, 1908. Thus again did "the end justify the means."

As previously noted, the Conference trial at Jamestown, New York, expelled R. T. Cooper from the ministry and membership of the Methodist Episcopal Church, but not until after Bishop Berry on the eve of the trial had written to Bishop John W. Hamilton, President of the Erie Conference, that "fresh evidence had been discovered in the Central New York Conference against R. T. Cooper." Thus again did "the end justify the means."

In spite of a letter protesting against the appointment of Bishop Berry (Bishop Berry got a copy of that letter) and also protesting against the triers of appeal from the Genesee, Pittsburgh and West Virginia Conferences (Troy, Northern New York and Wyoming triers had been asked for), Bishop Berry, ahead of the civil proceedings, called the Judicial Conference to meet in Emory Church, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, March 9 and 10, 1909. To show the animus of Dr. Elmer Ellsworth Higley against the writer, who kept persistently demanding a copy of the Erie Conference trial records in his (Cooper's) case, the following letter will throw some light.

ELMER ELLSWORTH HIGLEY,
108 N. Jefferson St.,
NEW CASTLE, PA., *October 10, 1908.*

DEAR BROTHER COOPER:

Your two letters came at the same time today. I am frank to say that I don't like the threatening tone of one of them. What matters it to me that

you threaten trial? I am not in duty bound to furnish you with copy of testimony. The only copy I am supposed to make is the one for the Secretary of the Conference who sends it to the Judicial Conference. At first I was disposed to give no attention to your threat, as it could have no bearing with me, but feeling sorry for you, as I have throughout this entire proceeding, I have finally concluded to make you a copy. It will be impossible for me to get it to you by the 10th inst., as today is the 10th, and your letter only arrived this morning. This demand is similar to your former one in that you fail to give time for a reply to reach you.

I had no difficulty in making out my notes, and though you talked quite rapidly, I have your testimony in toto, I believe. I tried to be most careful, as I knew you would want all you said to go before the Court of Appeal, should you appeal the case.

Let me whisper something in your ear that came to me from Youngstown. You need not intimate the source of your information. Mr. Miles, I understand, has said that if you carry this matter into the Civil Court he will have you arrested for assault and sent to jail. I don't know what there is of this and only give it for what it is worth. Have you heard anything?

If you are an innocent man, Brother Cooper, I sincerely trust that you may be able to prove yourself such, not only for your own sake, but the sake of the cause.

Wishing you well, I am,

Yours sincerely,

ELMER E. HIGLEY.

The reply of Cooper to Higley gave the assurance that as E. E. Miles *was the criminal* in the case, according to the Ohio law, *Miles* and not *Cooper* was in danger of arrest. After five demands those Erie Conference proceedings came into the writer's hands. In the midst of the proceedings in Emory Church, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, March 9 and 10, 1909, R. S. Borland, counsel for the church, announced that if R. T. Cooper had remained twenty-four hours longer as a member of the Central New York Conference a bill of charges would have been preferred against him. Rev. S. F. Sanford, the writer's counsel, protested against this statement, and appealed to Bishop Berry, who presided, to deny it. As Bishop Berry had transferred R. T. Cooper he kept silence, and thus threw the whole weight of his Episcopal influence to down Cooper. By a vote of nine to four the triers sustained the verdict of the Erie Conference; the West Virginia triers, four in number, voted to give R. T. Cooper a new trial. Thus again did "the end justify the means."

In the long period between March 10, 1909, the adjournment of the Judicial Conference at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, to the meeting of the General Conference at Minneapolis, Minnesota, May 1, 1912, that man of ceaseless activities, Joseph F. Berry, was everywhere in evidence against the writer. By the judicial holding of

“certain Annual Conferences” just prior to the General Conference of 1912—the Central New York, Genesee, Erie, East Ohio and West Virginia, Bishop Berry packed things against the writer.

In February, 1912, a great Conference was held on “Personal Evangelism” at Rochester, New York, to which the district superintendents from Northern New York, Troy, Wyoming, Central New York, Genesee and Erie Conferences with T. S. Henderson, N. W. Stroup invited in to show the assembled district superintendents “How to win souls for Christ and to add thousands to the Kingdom of God.” Is it any wonder that this large body of district superintendents as they saw the zeal of Bishop Berry, and noted that his whole soul glowed with fire for the salvation of multitudes of souls, should want him to return a third quadrennium to Buffalo, New York, and they should by a rising, unanimous vote request the approaching General Conference to so let him remain at Buffalo, New York?

The chairman of one of the Conference delegations in Bishop Berry’s Area told the writer that at the General Conference in Baltimore, Maryland, in 1908, Bishop Berry moved heaven and earth for obvious reasons to have the Episcopal residence moved from Buffalo, New York, to Detroit, Michigan. Bishop Berry asked the chairman how the delegates stood on his, Berry’s re-

turn to Buffalo, New York, for another quadrennium. After some urging, the chairman replied, "Central New York Conference desires your removal, Northern New York, Erie and Wyoming Conferences are indifferent, and Genesee Conference is willing for you to remain." The Bishop thanked the chairman, *but never was friendly to him from that day.*

By the way of parenthesis, let it be said that Rev. S. F. Sanford, of the Elmira District, and Dr. T. W. Douglas, of the Newcastle District, chanced to get in early to Rochester, New York, that particular morning to attend Bishop Berry's meeting. On meeting casually in course of conversation Dr. Douglas said to Dr. Sanford, "Rev. C. E. Jewell talked frightfully against Cooper to me at the General Conference in Baltimore, Maryland, 1908." Thus again did "the end justify the means."

ODDS AND ENDS

In well-conducted dry-goods and in all department stores there are periodical sales of odds and ends. As so many incidents have entered into the case of R. T. Cooper, it will be necessary in summing up to make account of some of them in this chapter. One of the most diabolical events in Methodist ecclesiastical history was the meeting in the Todd House at Youngstown, Ohio, late in June, 1908, of the late Dr. O. W. Holmes, at that time District Superintendent of the Youngstown District, Dr. E. E. Higley, both these clericals graduates of Drew Theological Seminary, the Alma Mater of the writer, and T. I. Jacobs, who was the only representative of the three business men of Youngstown, Ohio, T. I. Jacobs, E. E. Miles and W. J. Roberts. The object of this meeting was to formulate charges against R. T. Cooper. Dr. O. W. Holmes furnished the brains, Dr. Higley was the secretary and T. I. Jacobs acted as stenographer of that meeting. Charges so vile were drawn, beginning with "A certain man in Youngstown, Ohio, says, etc., etc." Those vile charges the conspirators and the Erie Annual Conference ever since have tried to keep under cover, and all records in the case as far as possible have been destroyed. At the Erie Conference trial at Jamestown, New York, September 3, 1908, Dr. Higley, who was the Secretary of the Select Number, stated that the Youngstown, Ohio, par-

ties, T. I. Jacobs, E. E. Miles and W. J. Roberts, stipulated before the proceedings began that things were to be *kept quiet*, as these parties did not want them to get out in Youngstown, Ohio.

By mutual consent Cooper was to be *chloroformed* and to die a quiet and painless death. Dr. O. W. Holmes signed that frightful bill of charges. Is it any wonder that Almighty God removed Dr. Holmes from the face of the earth? At this juncture let it be said that both Dr. O. W. Holmes and Judge George F. Robinson, who presided over the civil trial at Youngstown, Ohio, June 28, 1909, boarded at the Todd House, and consequently were well acquainted, and that Justice Day, of the United States Supreme Court, was a personal friend of Dr. Holmes. On the "passing" of Dr. Holmes, May 27, 1911, Mrs. O. W. Holmes received a telegram of sympathy from Judge Day. So much for political pulls. R. T. Cooper still lives, yea, and will live on forever!

The conduct of Rev. H. C. Woods, of the Genesee Conference, who was Secretary of the Judicial Conference held at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, March 9 and 10, 1909, was characterized by the Committee on Judiciary, Report No. 24, in the daily *Christian Advocate*, Tuesday, May 28, 1912, as follows:

"Though the case was ended in the Judicial Conference in March, 1909, at which time notice of appeal was given on the record, the Secretary of that tribunal did not at the close of the trial trans-

mit the records made and the papers submitted in the case to the Secretary of the last General Conference, as the Discipline directs. Indeed, the records and papers were not here when this General Conference convened. On the appearance of the appellant it was necessary to send for those documents, and they have only reached the Committee at the end of the session. Such delay in sending up records relating to an appeal cannot be justified, and must be condemned."

When the Genesee Annual Conference met four months later on, the name of H. C. Woods was called in open session of the Conference, where he passed as "blameless in life and conversation." Why were those records held back? For the simple reason previously stated that neither the name of Bishop Berry as President, nor H. C. Woods as Secretary were on those records. Therefore R. T. Cooper was both unjustly and unlawfully expelled from the ministry and membership of the Methodist Episcopal Church on unsigned records.

Now a few words about Rev. H. C. Woods. The writer first heard *whispers* about his immorality while travelling in the West. Not to wrong the brother the writer privately asked, both his predecessors and his successors as to the truth of those *whispers*. The reports were so identical that they were believable. Rev. H. C. Woods was very suddenly transferred in the middle of the Conference year by that guardian of social purity, Bishop Joseph F. Berry, from Bath, New York, to

Albion, New York. Consequently Rev. H. C. Woods is somewhat indebted to Bishop Joseph F. Berry. Hence Woods held back those records. In view of these things did not "the end justify the means"?

This incident connected with the closing session of Bishop Berry's Presidency at the Central New York Conference of 1907 still abides in the memory of many. It was a stormy session because so many untoward things were done, some of which so displeased the amiable Bishop that he publicly excoriated a prominent woman in the Central New York Conference for her pernicious political activity in Conference affairs. This woman's father had been a war-horse in the Conference, and she had many friends among the preachers, some of whom shook their fists in the Bishop's face. The Bishop with equal grace might have also used the same treatment on a pastor's son, of whose brain the best judges claim "it is the size of an oyster's." This minister's son is always meddling in the private affairs of the pastors of the Conference, and his slanderous tongue is heard wagging all over the Conference. By Tammany Hall methods once he received an election as delegate to the General Conference, and ever since has been a perpetual candidate. Thus fish, good, bad and indifferent, swim about in the waters of the Central New York Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Returns from the Spring Conferences presided

over by Pope Joseph the First show the following results: New Jersey Conference proclaims that Dr. M. E. Snyder, whose fate as financial agent of Pennington Seminary, at a salary of \$3,000 per year, caused Bishop Berry to shed copious tears one year ago, is now district superintendent of Trenton District.

We sincerely congratulate Dr. Snyder on regaining his home again.

Bro. Brunyate, after a year of faithful work, was returned to his back-woods appointment for another year of service.

The Philadelphia Conference re-stations Brother C. P. Fulcher at Phoenixville, Pa. Brother Fulcher is an apt illustration of the man who was "in and out and in again."

Bishop Berry has the honor of having the talented editor of the New York *Christian Advocate* in his Episcopal area, as Elm Park church at Scranton, Pa., has called Dr. Eckman to her pulpit. Thus does Bishop Berry illustrate "The way to get rid of your enemies is to make friends of them."

Bishop John W. Hamilton, of Boston, Mass., has recently discovered that he is *one year* younger than he thought he was. Possibly he will at the next General Conference contest with Bishop Berry the honor of being the senior effective bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Bishop Hamilton strikingly illustrates that Scripture, "He that desireth the office of a bishop desireth a good work."

A CLOSING WORD ON BISHOPS RECEIVING DEDICATION FEES

Owing to the extreme tenderness of their hearts, our good Bishops often feel moved to make pledges to aid benevolent causes. Pastors do the same, and are obliged to pay the pledges out of their own pockets. As Bishops move about more frequently than do pastors, their calls for aid are more frequent. Here is a perfect recipe. At a dedication where the Bishop feels he has earned fifty dollars or one hundred dollars which he desires to apply to some benevolent cause, let the church giving the money present the Bishop with a receipt for the amount and let the cause getting the Bishop's donation give a double receipt, one to the Bishop, and the other to the donating church, which at the ensuing Annual Conference "in other collections" shall receive credit for its donation. A bad taste will then be taken out of the mouth of all parties concerned. Recently while in the bounds of the Central Pennsylvania Conference, a pastor said some years prior to the passing away of the late Charles H. Fowler, this distinguished Bishop used to make appointments to Fowler Church, Minneapolis, Minnesota, on this wise. There was a large debt on Fowler Church. Bishop Fowler was intensely interested in the payment of that debt. He is said to have offered the pastorate of that church on this wise. "Fowler

Church will pay \$2,500 salary. Brother Blank, you can have the charge if you will pay directly to me \$500 per year for two years." Also in the same connection the brother's place thus made vacant rated at \$2,000 per year by the transfer to Fowler Church, is also sold for \$500 per year for two years to a brother getting \$1,200, thus \$2,000 comes into the coffers of Bishop Fowler for Fowler Church. Thus again does "the end justify the means." There are tricks in all trades save in ours.

AN EXHORTATION TO THE DELEGATES
OF THE NEXT GENERAL CONFERENCE
AT SARATOGA SPRINGS,
NEW YORK, MAY 1, 1916

The old adage, "It is far easier to give advice than to profit by it," is oftentimes true. Methodism is in great danger from the Board of Bishops. Elected to be the *servants* of the church, they have become *masters* of it. At the General Conference at Minneapolis, Minnesota, a delegate told the writer that he felt it to be his duty to take to one side a man in his own delegation who was running for Bishop, and plainly say to him, "My brother, I doubt it to be my duty to vote for your election because you are a man of such strong prejudices that you would crush the life out of a man if you *got set* against him." Under protest that man voted for Bishop —, who was duly elected.

Just before the General Conference at Los Angeles, California, in May, 1914, the late Bishop C. D. Foss, a good friend to the writer, whose son is named after that Bishop, held the Wisconsin Conference. Against the wishes and advice of the *whole Cabinet* he sent a brother to the large church at W—— and the man called by the officials of that church was made presiding elder of that district. As the latter man gave the writer this information, we know it to be true. The

church at W—— locked the doors of the church against the appointed pastor. The presiding elder of the district journeyed to the Episcopal residence at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; Bishop Foss was indignant against this caller who offered to take the church at W—— and let the pastor at W—— go on his district. “Better that one hundred of the best churches in Methodism should be blotted out, than that the will of a Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church should be set aside.” However, a shift was made in the appointments and the brother at W—— was sent elsewhere.

That ill-timed speech retired Bishop Foss, and also Bishop Walden was retired at the same General Conference because he refused to receive a delegation, etc., of Milwaukee preachers regarding the appointment of a presiding elder to the Milwaukee District. Bishops are only *primus inter pares* and should not be tolerated when they go beyond their legitimate bounds. How necessary at this time it is for our dear Bishops to heed the admonition of the Scriptures not “to lord it over God’s heritage, but to be an example to the flock.”

The first duty of our delegates to the next General Conference is to guard the interests of the church and not to become lachrymose over the case of some undesirable Bishop. When we return to John Wesley’s idea of Bishop, and the work of a Bishop, we will be on *safe ground*, on a

sure *foundation* of two orders in our ministry—
διακονος πρεσβυτερος DEACONS AND ELDERS—
a tide of old-time revivals will again sweep over
the church everywhere, and a common brother-
hood of Methodist Episcopal preachers will again
take up John Wesley's work of spreading Scrip-
tural holiness over these lands. Delegates of the
next General Conference, have the courage of your
convictions. Put a Methodist Episcopal Bishop
on trial for his sins. If found guilty, expell him
from the church. If found inefficient, retire him
from the church, and thus place the whole Board
of Bishops under the seal of doing their best for
Christ and His Christ.

It is the inherent right of Bishop Joseph F.
Berry if he is to continue as a Bishop of the Meth-
odist Episcopal Church to have a clean *bill of*
health from the General Conference. If completely
cleared after a full investigation, he will go forth
to his life work vindicated and strengthened for
all that awaits him in his future career.

Not until the last Methodist Jesuit has been
driven out of the church will Episcopal Methodism
be safe. Then perish forever from the face of
the earth that diabolical doctrine of the devil's,
"THE END JUSTIFIES THE MEANS," which
will put an end for all further ages of the need
of setting up the "Holy Inquisition" in the Metho-
dist Episcopal Church.

Finis.



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